THE PRIVATE LIFE of RUDY VALLEE

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

APRIL 7, 1934

Liberty

5¢

Printed in Canada

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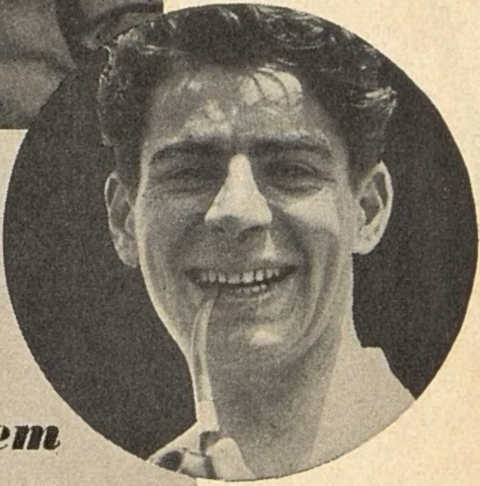
PARIS
Robert Arthur
Easter Fashions
EASTER

CHARLES McCLELLAND played fullback on the Carnegie Tech team that upset Notre Dame in '26. After graduation he took up the stage as a profession. One of his more recent appearances was in "Whistling in the Dark." "Mac" says: "I find Listerine Tooth Paste great for keeping my teeth clean of tobacco stain."

Singers realize the importance of keeping teeth free from film and discoloring stains. So it's not strange that the Revelers, harmony group known to millions by their frequent singing over NBC networks, believe in keeping their teeth white and attractive with Listerine Tooth Paste. Left to right: LEWIS JAMES, second tenor; WILFRED GLENN, bass; FRANK PARKER, first tenor; and ELLIOTT SHAW, baritone.

If you have smoke stains on your teeth

see how quickly this tooth paste combats them



WILLIAM HARLAN HALE is a young writer who has already been associate editor of Vanity Fair, columnist on a Washington, D. C., daily, and a roving reporter through Europe.

A convincing chorus of approval comes from smokers on the way Listerine Tooth Paste removes tobacco stains. Men and women usually find it highly effective.

Cleanses faster

No doubt about it, this modern dentifrice does clear away the film and stains faster than most. Less brushing is required. Teeth become whiter and brighter after just a few days' use.

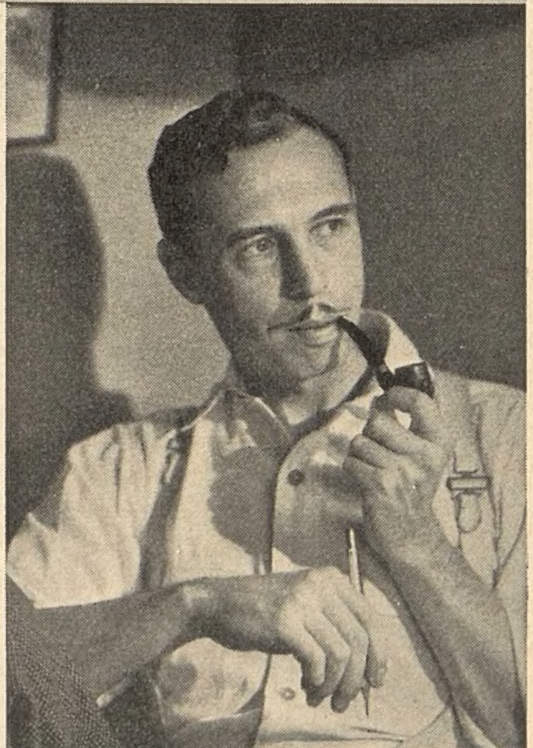
These results are due to modern polishing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste. It is surprisingly speedy in action, yet so soft that it cannot possibly injure enamel. As thousands of mothers know, this dentifrice is safe even for baby teeth.

You'll find that your gums look better and feel better after you begin using Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll like the way it refreshes the mouth. Used at night after heavy smoking, it sends you to bed with a cool, pleasant "taste." It acts on the breath much as does Listerine itself.

Change to this more modern formula for the next few weeks. See if, like its present users, you actually *prefer* it to 50¢ brands. Although you pay only 25¢ or less for Listerine Tooth Paste, you can't buy a finer formula at any price.

Save $3 a year

You can see for yourself that substantial savings are possible if you use Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, this saving amounts to $3 a year. Why don't you try it? If you find Listerine Tooth Paste a better dentifrice *regardless of price,* the saving will seem doubly welcome. Lambert Pharmacal Company, Toronto, Ontario.



(*left*) Another chap who is glad to go on record for this dentifrice is MERRITT CUTLER, New York artist. Cutler has won fame at about everything he's tried: he brought home the D.S.C., Croix de Guerre, and British Military Medal from the War; and in 1930 he was a United States Indoor Tennis Doubles Champion.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
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LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE · 25¢

PRODUCED IN CANADA

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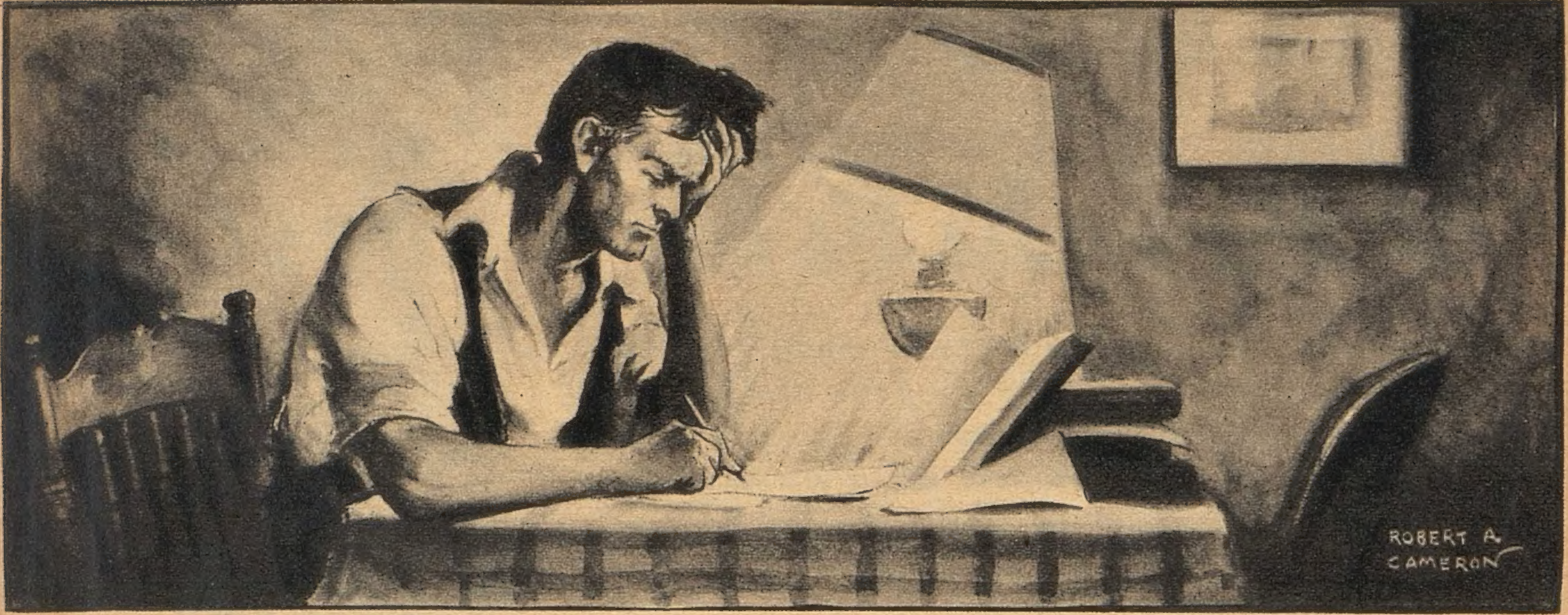
BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR
FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR
WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR

A WAY TO GET ON IN THE WORLD



A MAN lost his job because he took himself too seriously. He was touchy. He expected and demanded admiration and commendation. He wanted to focus attention on himself. He thought a lot of himself and of his appearance and dignity. He wasn't a good mixer. His contempt of others bred in others contempt of him.

This man's uppishness became costly to his employers. His high-hatting of those on whom he called and who called on him was a barrier to business. And so his employers got rid of him.

Today this man is out of a job. He's sore—has a grouch. He sees his old place held by another—a very ordinary chap having neither "side" nor dignity. A man who wouldn't grace the head table at a banquet.

It doesn't pay to take oneself too seriously. It wouldn't pay a chameleon to take itself too seriously. The chameleon knows a good trick. It is, growing indistinct against its backgrounds. It finds it advantageous to its existence to dull its identity rather than to assert it.

Taking on the hue of the company in which one finds oneself can be wise practice. Inside one may remain unchanged. What change there may be can be superficial and temporary and strategic. In Rome, do as the Romans do.

A good angler doesn't take himself too seriously. He takes the fish seriously. He studies their ways, their moods, their tenses. The more he knows of fish the heavier becomes his creel. He does his best to think like fish.

Good salesmen, good statesmen, good editors, good manufacturers, good advertising writers—all study human behaviorism. They are not much interested in their own behaviorism. Their aim is to effect harmony between the behaviorism of others and their own. They are after something. They know that they won't get what they want by a widening of gulfs of separation. To close such gulfs is their endeavor. Their eyes are fixed not on themselves but on those opposite them.

Instead of taking yourself seriously, you ought to take others seriously—those whose favor you want and who are able to give you what you want.

If you want to get into an upper stratum of society, it is good strategy to acquire in advance the manners and mind of good society and to become well acquainted with its territory.

If you want to get into a higher job, you should be very sure that you can hold it if you get it. This means practicing its occupancy in advance.

If you want a better job, concentrate on where you want to go. Let the spotlight fall on where you want to go rather than on yourself. When you make yourself inconspicuous you minimize the number of those who may be willed to resist your progress.

Good counsel to one who wants to get on in the world is, acquire polish and smoothness. These qualities are better propellers than bluntness. There is such a thing as streamlining oneself.

It is easier to change oneself than it is others.

It doesn't do to take oneself too seriously.

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BEGINNING

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF RUDY VALLEE

"Nobody Knows Him. It Now Becomes My Privilege to Present to You for the Very First Time the Man Behind the Golden Voice that Millions Love — the Boy Who Can't Be Discounted in Our Modern History Because for Five Years He Has Sung to the Heart of a Great People."

Adela Rogers St Johns

● Rudy in high-school days, with the saxophone he toiled to learn to play like another Rudy Wiedoeft.

READING TIME ● 24 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART ONE ● HE DID SEE A DREAM WALKING

EVERY Thursday night a voice is heard in millions of homes all over America.

It says softly, "My time is your time. Your time is my time. Heigh-ho, everybody. This is Rudy Vallee."

The ace of the air is broadcasting. Twenty million people would recognize that voice anywhere—more people than have ever known a voice in the history of the world.

But the man behind the voice? The man who has been idolized, ridiculed, praised, attacked, discussed, and argued about, whose name has been on every tongue and every front page, the boy from New England who at thirty-two has made a fortune, created a new school of music, sung the nation's songs, been the leading figure in the most tragic and misunderstood love story of our day?

Along Broadway they will tell you that he is a sap—or that he is a genius. That he is just a lucky stiff, or that he is the Master of Radio, the only living human being who has completely conquered this miracle.

The slim figure, with its curly hair, its dashing walk, its careless elegance, is known to more people around New York than any other since Jimmy Walker.

Yet nobody knows him.

And it now becomes my privilege to present to you for the very first time the real Rudy Vallee, the man behind the golden voice that millions love and listen to, the boy who can't be discounted in our modern history because for five years he has sung to the heart of a great people.

Through the pages of the newspapers everywhere today trails a confused travesty of his broken love. But the real story of the Rudy Vallee-Fay Webb disaster which so nearly ruined his life is a tragedy Balzac alone could have written, as you will see.

As the train bearing him away from California, away from process servers and harassment—and hope—as that train slid through the crystal air of New Mexico, Rudy Vallee sat staring out the window as though he saw some lost vision there. His young face was haggard, hard. Suddenly he looked up and said, "After all, am I the first man who ever had the misfortune to fall in love with the wrong woman?"

He said no other word against Fay Webb, the extra girl from Hollywood whom he had lifted with his love to the pinnacle of fame and fortune, and who had hurt him so cruelly.

Somehow, as I watched him, I thought of Rudy Vallee not so long ago standing before the mike and telling the world with gay delight and triumph, "This is the missus." And I found myself, too, staring out the window and wishing love never failed.

Women have gone mad over him—he has sung them into some magic enchantment. He likes it. He says, with that irresistible twinkle of his, "Hell, who wouldn't? Nuts—any man who says he doesn't like women is a liar. If girls like to hear me sing, that's a break for me—because I'm no Clark Gable to look at. Believe me, I *have* to sing. I used to ride around in that old flivver I had at Yale and sing for maybe thirty-forty miles before some of my dates knew I was in the car."

A boy who always, from his very birth, hungered for romance—and who is honest enough to admit it.

Today he is still singing to a dream girl, the girl he believed he had found in the weirdly exotic Fay Webb, the girl he still believes is somewhere in the world.

Yet it is a proven fact that, face to face, his best

© G. Maillard-Kesslère

audiences are men, and that he spends most of his very few leisure hours with men companions.

When he sang not long ago at the Baseball Writers' Banquet before a thousand fairly hard-boiled newspaper and sporting gentlemen, a funny thing happened. A young sports writer slipped out and said with a dazed expression, "Say, that Vallee is just absolutely knocking 'em cold, and that's a hundred-per-cent male audience." The applause grew deafening as the famous voice died away, and the boy repeated, "A hundred-per-cent male audience." He seemed to have trouble believing it.

WHEN the story that Rudy and Fay Webb had come to the breaking point became public, when accusation and attack poured into print, people said, "What will this do to Vallee?" Rudy himself, torn by the most terrible emotions a man can know—Rudy, who had sat alone and listened to the now famous dictaphone records in which he actually heard his wife's voice speaking to another man, didn't know.

And for the time being he didn't care.

Nobody has ever told how they locked him in his room that night, his brother and his two closest pals. And how he sat for hours, speechless, numbed with shock.

Whatever may be the truth of Fay Webb's relations with Garry Leon, which have been so much discussed in the public prints, the important thing in understanding Rudy Vallee is that upon the evidence of those records he had no choice but to believe that he had been betrayed. He clung to his faith, he listened against his will, but in the end he had to believe that he had lost the one woman he had really loved.

The dream was over. The boy was almost insane with pain and rage and disillusionment. But he didn't attempt to strike back. There is an inbred chivalry in Vallee. He had loved this woman, made her his wife.

● The Rudy of today—"ace of the air." Below, the Rudy of 1902, a rising musician nine months old.

If she no longer cared for him there was nothing he could do but let her go. And he did.

It was Fay Webb, with her legal demand for a settlement, who forced him to speak after months of silence. And then he went berserk. That, he felt, was just too much. At such times hot-headed men like Vallee, and he is very hot-headed indeed, don't stop to figure coolly all the angles of a situation. He's a very human sort of person, this Vallee. And no one, no time, nowhere, can do any of his figuring for him.

"He's opinionated and arrogant and stubborn as a mule," a man told me who had worked with him for three years, "but you forgive him everything because he's so sincere and so damn' sweet and so generous."

What would the Fay Webb scandal, which broke in full fury with her demand for $7,400 a month alimony, do to America's troubadour?

A few weeks after the dictaphone story occupied headlines, Rudy went to the President's birthday ball at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. It was a very distinguished gathering. The President's mother was there and most of New York's social elect. On every hand, as he made his way through the crowd, men stopped him, said, "Hello, Rudy. Good luck to you, boy."

It took ten policemen to rescue him from the cheering mobs at the St. George Hotel in Brooklyn.

On the stage of a famous night club in New York they did a burlesque of Rudy Vallee, Fay Webb, and Garry Leon, the adagio dancer. They only did it for one night. The audience quite openly resented it—and the loudest objectors were the men.

The staid New York Sun printed a headline which said, "Fifty Thousand Housewives Can't Be Wrong About Vallee," and told of the thousands upon thousands of letters that poured in to promise him loyalty and support.

If anything, the radio authorities tell me, his difficulty with Fay Webb has helped rather than hurt him.

"It's like this," a famous New York newspaper publisher said to me. "Men have a sort of brotherly feeling for him now. They don't know exactly what it's all about and they're unsettled about the court issues, but they get the impression that some dame is trying to take away some of his hard-earned money that isn't really coming to her. They may be wrong, but that's the feeling they have—and as most men have had that done to them at some time in their lives, they sympathize with him."

That's logical enough, I guess.

Five years ago, when Rudy Vallee first became a sensation, the wise ones said, "Vallee? A flash in the pan. Won't last—can't last. A crooner!"

Today the Vallee hour is the most popular and highly paid on the air.

Yet nobody even now seems to suspect the ruthless, arrogant, egocentric ambition behind it all, the concentrated toil, the endless study, the ceaseless energy and careful showmanship.

NOBODY even yet seems to realize that there must be a lot more than luck and a pleasant voice to a man who can maintain the top place in the great radio industry for five years against terrific competition, who can survive scandal and ridicule and remain the nation's favorite troubadour, New York's favorite entertainer.

The other evening we sat in the living room of Rudy's apartment on Central Park West. There was the delightful Governor of Maine, who seems to regard Rudy as a dearly beloved son. Several prominent men from the entertainment world. A Washington correspondent of note.

It is a charming apartment, intensely, a little pathetically, masculine. You see, it has been completely done over since Fay Webb went away, since she talked there over the telephone. Nothing remains—not a stick of furniture, not a yard of drapery. Everything is new. The memories have been swept away, and so it is a little bare, that apartment. It lacks the small things that make for home, for warmth.

It was that evening that I actually saw Rudy's beginnings, the places from which he came—and to which he returns. He loves Europe—and New Mexico—and New York. But his roots are deep in the soil of New England, and that, my friends, is one of the reasons he is what he is.

After dinner, on his own machine, Rudy ran for his guests a series of pictures he has made of the places he loves best. He has taken these pictures himself, edited them, titled them, and he runs them himself. He puts the film on the small machine and rewinds it, and when it goes haywire, as such things will, he swears wholeheartedly, and you turn up the lights and watch him, very red-faced and annoyed, while he repairs the damage.

"My first job was as a film operator in a theater," he says, with that shy delightful smile.

The men were smiling back. They got down on the floor too and stuck their fingers into things and were rather like small boys with an electric train.

Not much like the Rudy Vallee you read about, with the dozens of Jane Does, the wild night life, the wine and women.

AS a matter of fact Rudy has a definite and almost narrow objection to overindulgence in liquor. He loves good wines—the French blood in him tells strongly there—and knows how and when to order them. But when he was a clerk in his father's drug store in Maine he used to see the poor French-Canadian mill hands come in, begging for hard liquor, men who should have been taking their money home to their families. And it did something to him. He isn't very patient with drunks. Oh, there is an awful lot of New England in Mr. Vallee of Broadway. A very nice and highly connected lady quite casually used the word "mistress" in his presence the other night at a dinner party and he actually flushed to the roots of his hair. He has learned the world and its ways, he swears like a pirate on occasion, but at heart he is still New England.

On the small floor screen Rudy ran films which he had shot with infinite care, some of them magnificently beautiful views of Maine. We saw, too, the small New England town where Rudy Vallee grew up, his father's drug store on the corner, the narrow one-story main street with its quaint common which now they call "Rudy Vallee Square."

Hubert Prior Vallee has a fascinating ancestry and it explains a great many things.

Because, you see, the better you know Rudy the less you believe him—I mean the more incredible it seems that he is exactly as he is. It is like trying to fit a jigsaw puzzle together. Sometimes you see the stubborn, almost stupid side of him, and sometimes you could weep over him for being such a naïve, idealistic little boy, and sometimes you are stunned by the driving force and command and capacity of the man.

The man who, according to every expert with whom I have talked, knows more about radio today than any one else in the world—about timing, spotting, tempo, tone, rhythm—who is completely responsible for everything on his famous hour and to whom every other radio artist, engineer, and program director listens.

The boy who could fall in love with Fay Webb and idolize her.

The young radical who actually harangues vast audiences of hotel men and restaurant owners on the evil way song writers are treated.

The brilliant cabaret entertainer who takes advantage of every laugh, every situation.

The boy who today actually loves his dog better than anything on earth and wants to have "Windy's" portrait painted. Who can swear breathlessly over the beauty of a scarlet canoe against the glory of a New England spring sky, and yet is in just a little danger of being cheapened and coarsened by his environment.

All these you find in Rudy Vallee.

What can you do with a guy like that?

Like every one else in the world, his heredity and his background explain much. If you girls think you are fascinated by the curly-headed ace of the air, Mr. Rudy Vallee, you should meet his father! I mean, there is a real heartbreaker—at sixty. I mean, he may have been a small-town druggist in Westbrook all his life, but he has all the gayety, all the charm, all the grand manner and polished oratory of the French-Canadian heroes

The VALLEE Pharmacy
Phen-Amy CAPS
relieve pain
The VALLEE Pharmacy
VALLEE PHARMACY
CANDY
FILMS
The VALLEE
PHARMACY
BUS TO BOSTON

● The Vallee drug store in Westbrook, Maine. It is still Rudy's dad's—and nowadays Westbrook's town common is known as "Rudy Vallee Square"!

U. & U. News photo

● With Fay Webb, as bride and groom. Was Fay the dream Rudy saw walking?

about whom Sir Gilbert Parker used to write.

He is short and white-haired and a little on the plump side—he would look well in a bishop's frock. How he can turn a compliment!—in either French or English. How he can warm you with that twinkle of his! Ah, Rudy Vallee's father has something infinitely greater than his son's fame. He has the real joy of life. Papa Vallee knows how to get the sweetness out of every passing minute.

MOST of Rudy's charm, his entertainer genius, and certainly his flow of language, he inherited from his dad. Because Rudy is not only a good public speaker—he likes to talk, he talks brilliantly, and he talks a lot.

"I've never seen that bird at a loss for a word yet," said Eddie Peabody, who is the world's best banjo player and one of Rudy's famed "Connecticut Yankees." "He sure talks himself into and out of a lot of things. He says what he thinks, you bet."

Rudy's mother was Irish.

She died three days after her adored older son married Fay Webb.

There doesn't seem to be much doubt in the minds of those who knew her well that his marriage hastened her end. For she did not want Rudy to marry Fay Webb. It was not that she had anything against her. But there was something in this simple, devout woman of New England, who had scrubbed and sewed and cooked for her three children, who had lived always by a stern creed of duty, that rebelled against the dark heavy-eyed extra girl from Hollywood, with her almost grotesque make-up and her oiled black hair and her Oriental perfumes.

The mother, who had seldom been out of a small New England town, had the clear vision that often comes to such women, and she foresaw disaster. She knew her son, perhaps, better than he knew himself. For all her lack of worldly experience, she understood what lured him, but she knew, too, what Rudy really wanted of a wife, what he would expect of marriage.

So she warned him.

And it was not just because she did not want her son to marry. She had been devoted to the beautiful and socially prominent Leonie Cauchois, who was Rudy's first wife in that strange marriage that lasted only a day.

But not even an adored mother can warn a man who thinks he has seen a dream walking.

How could his mother know that for years he had held this girl's picture in his heart? How could she realize how that image had grown and grown, from the vague boyhood vision to the day when it came true on a magazine cover and then was made flesh upon the dance floor of a café in Hollywood?

Wasn't it natural for a man to believe when he saw, alive and breathing, the woman who had tormented his heart and flesh for years that she was—his woman?

Rudy Vallee thought so.

Therein, as you shall see, lay his tragedy—and hers.

You have, indeed, a boy raised in the narrow limits of a New England town, in the long harsh winters, in comparative poverty, with nothing at all of glamour and excitement. Yet within him, early stirring, his French-Canadian father's hot blood and love of beauty. And his mother's Irish sense of humor.

It has been said now and again that Rudy Vallee hasn't any sense of humor. It seems to me that, if anything, he has too much. Unless he reins himself in, he has that mad, entirely irresponsible sense of humor which is very, very dangerous, because it means you laugh when it would be better to be serious.

If he didn't have a sense of humor he wouldn't be singing The Man on the Flying Trapeze as his star number at the Hollywood Restaurant. Because the song tells the story of a young man whose love was stolen away by a daring young man on a flying trapeze—and there isn't so much difference between a trapeze artist and an adagio dancer.

Now I have known well most of the great figures of our time, particularly in the world of entertainment. In all my experience I have never known any one with such a complete vital determination to succeed and such absolute assurance of success as Rudy Vallee.

He didn't just plan and hope and dream. He *knew*. And there was never a moment from the time he was ten years old that he wasn't working, definitely and with something like violence, toward his goal.

He was born on July 28, 1901, in Island Pond, Vermont. Then the Vallees moved to Westbrook, Maine, when he was a baby.

From the beginning he meant to be a musician. One of his last spankings—and his family believed in the rod on occasions—was for whistling on Sunday night.

He has one sister, Kathleen, whom he adores. He drives her almost crazy by telling her she looks like Polly Moran. "But then," he adds with a grin, "I look a little like Polly Moran myself." As a matter of fact, Kathleen Vallee is a rather stunning young woman. She was a good pianist as a girl, and they struggled together without teachers, learning songs, playing any instruments they could get their hands on. The first musical appearance of Rudy Vallee was when he beat the drum at recess in grammar school.

As a kid, Rudy did anything to earn money. He worked as film operator in the Star Theater, he worked in a paper mill, he played with an impromptu orchestra in a closed bowling alley. And it was in those years that this little New England boy, reared in that strict atmosphere, first began to dream of the woman whom he would some day love.

★ NEXT WEEK ★

What the Future Has in Store for Us

by Henry Ford

as told to

Hickman Price

Other stories and articles by Ida M. Evans, Margaret K. Williams, Adela Rogers St. Johns, Walter V. Woehlke, Elmer Davis, and others.

All around the boy were the fresh-faced, healthy New England girls—wholesome girls of good sturdy stock. He knew them, he respected them, but they were too much part of his ordinary daily life to stir romance.

The woman who came into his dreams was different.

Always she was dark—as dark as he was fair. Her hair was long and black as night; and her eyes were black and heavy-lidded and somber, and in their shadow lay mystery and promise of nameless delights. Always she wore make-up, and her lips were alluring, heavy and scarlet with lipstick, and she was fragrant with some intoxicating perfume. And she wore long black gloves that wrinkled softly on bare white arms, and slippers with very high heels.

Where she came from, out of what chapter of his French ancestry, in answer to what call of his French blood, as a protest against what that was cold and harsh in his everyday life, he did not know.

As the years went by he ceased to picture her so acutely. He met and admired the sweet and wholesome Mary Brian, and a quiet, well bred young sister of one of his pals. And today his ideal has changed—today the mental and perhaps the spiritual mean more to him.

But he was very young then and had a physical ideal. He never really forgot the dream woman.

THE years went swiftly; they were terribly full years, and sometimes they were heartbreaking. At the University of Maine his musical talents had made him the most popular figure on the campus, but at the same time he did remarkably well in his studies and worked day and night with that unbelievable energy which still allows him to put in fourteen hours' hard work every day.

The saxophone had become his first real love. When the neighbors protested at his practicing four and five hours a day—because saxophone practice isn't any nicer when done by Rudy Vallee—he persuaded one of the town lodges to let him use their hall, and there, hour after hour, he worked to perfect his technique.

He played with a dozen orchestras, he played for dances, he played at summer resorts. And it was then that he worshiped his first idol and acquired his name, Rudy.

Small things influence destiny. If young Vallee hadn't heard a phonograph record called Crocodile played by the great Rudy Wiedoeft, king of saxophonists, if he hadn't gone to the University of Maine and joined the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity—

Until he had heard Rudy Wiedoeft play that record he had thought he was pretty good. He had been successful, he was beginning to get more and more engagements, more notice; they even sent for him from distant cities. After he heard the Wiedoeft record he wrote to his sister, "Truly, ignorance is bliss."

He began a systematic campaign to see Wiedoeft. He wrote again and again. No answer came. He played Crocodile over and over, trying to learn how Wiedoeft got his results, and said aloud, "Some day, you son of a gun, I'll make you write to me and I'll study with you and I'll make you proud of it."

He did all three with a steady persistence that is very characteristic of him. New York is littered with agents who probably want to cut their throats when they remember how a young pest named Vallee used to come around and beg them to take him and his band, and how they refused.

When he went into the S. A. E. house he was asked, according to custom, what nickname he wanted. He told them Bert. But a pal yelled, "Hell, no! Call him Rudy! That's all he talks about all day long—Rudy Wiedoeft. Look at all those pictures on the wall." So among those college boys was born the name Rudy Vallee.

In time he surpassed his idol and master. But he had been wise enough to know his master when he heard him.

His mother had always been determined that he should go to Yale. In 1922 he transferred to that ancient seat of learning and struck some heartbreaks.

No one can tell it better than Rudy does in his book, Vagabond Dreams Come True, written five years ago. And which, by the way, he actually wrote himself. Catch Rudy Vallee letting any one ghost-write for him! He'll do it himself and stand on it, good or bad. As a matter of fact it is good because it is so typically Rudy, with all his frankness about his own weaknesses, and all his miraculous belief in himself.

> I HAD been perfectly happy at the University of Maine, where the coeds were attractive but not so alluring as the girls that the Yale men had down to their fraternity dances. At Maine, my saxophone had given me a bit of popularity. To be suddenly transplanted to a college in which were enrolled boys accustomed to having everything they wanted and to see the beautiful women they brought to the dances was a very disturbing experience. I was never so miserable as at the first Yale fraternity dance at which I played. I did not expect prominence, I knew that I might go through Yale and never experience the admiration of my musical ability I had known at Maine.
>
> But the contrast was too great and I have never been so unhappy as I was that first night when I sat in the background and played from ten in the evening until five in the morning, while good-looking, well-groomed, and well-dressed young men, feeling very gay, danced by me holding in their arms the most beautiful creatures that my eyes had ever seen. I was young and human, intensely so; I was trying to play music that had feeling, passion, and it was hard to feel that I was always destined to play for the other fellow.

That certainly was not to be his destiny.

But beautiful women were to be his weakness.

There was the dark young sister of a pal of his at Maine, highly intellectual, well read, brilliant.

And in London the haughty society beauty who turned him down cold because he was an orchestra leader. And the girl on the boat whom he loved and never had the courage to meet because she was in the First Class and he was in the Second.

It was heartbreaking to discover the very last day that she had wanted to meet him, too.

When, while he was still at Yale, he and a little New Haven orchestra played during the summer at the Westchester-Biltmore Country Club, two women crossed his path who had a great effect upon his future.

One night while he was playing, a party of about twenty came in. Among them was a woman, and the boy lost his breath. She was tall and dark and exquisitely gowned. Something in him leaped up; he wanted to know her—for he hadn't known many such women then.

So—he was very young and very inexperienced and quite charmingly sincere—he sat down and wrote her a little note.

IT was, as a matter of fact, the sort of note any woman might be proud of.

Something like, " If you're in love or engaged or anything, ignore this. But if not, I would so much like to meet you and take you to the Yale-Princeton game next Saturday."

Well, it seemed that she wasn't the sort of woman who could understand a rather shy note like that, or who realized that a Yale man meant it as a compliment when he invited a lady to the Princeton game.

Glancing at her a few moments later, he was horrified to see that the whole table was roaring with laughter. She had passed the note around.

It wasn't that it almost cost him his job when one of the men reported it to the manager. It was his first betrayal at the hands of a woman and it left a deep, hurt bitterness. It was so baldly cruel that he never forgot it.

That night, standing under the stars and looking at the great country club, where he was eating in the service dining room, he said aloud to himself, " Some day I'll come back here and I'll be a member and they'll be proud to have me, and, by God, I'll eat in the main dining room and have a beautiful woman of my own!"

That, also, came true. He has a way of making his prophecies come true.

But it was that same summer that he met the first girl he ever really loved. And kissed her good night in the shadow of the beautiful trees, amid the scent of the flowers. She was young and very sweet and her name was in the Social Register. And naturally her parents wouldn't hear of such a thing as a boy who played the saxophone in the orchestra, even if he did go to Yale. So they gazed into each other's eyes, wordless, and at last Rudy said, " Perhaps some day—I feel that I'm going to do big things like your dad did—something tremendous is ahead of me—perhaps some day you'll be proud of me. Maybe then I'll dare to speak."

Perhaps it is too bad that he didn't hold to that vision. But he was very young, he was hungry for romance, for companionship, he was terribly lonely.

She seemed so very far away, a star princess that a mere mortal might not aspire to do more than worship. He had played his heart out to her, as many a young and curly-haired troubadour had played to his lady princess in the olden days.

But a man needs more than worship to fill lonely hard-working days.

And so by the time he could offer her a name which any girl might be proud to own, and a fortune and a life which any woman in the land might be proud to share, she had married another man—and he in his turn had met stunning dark-eyed Leonie Couchais, met and married and parted from her, all in a few days.

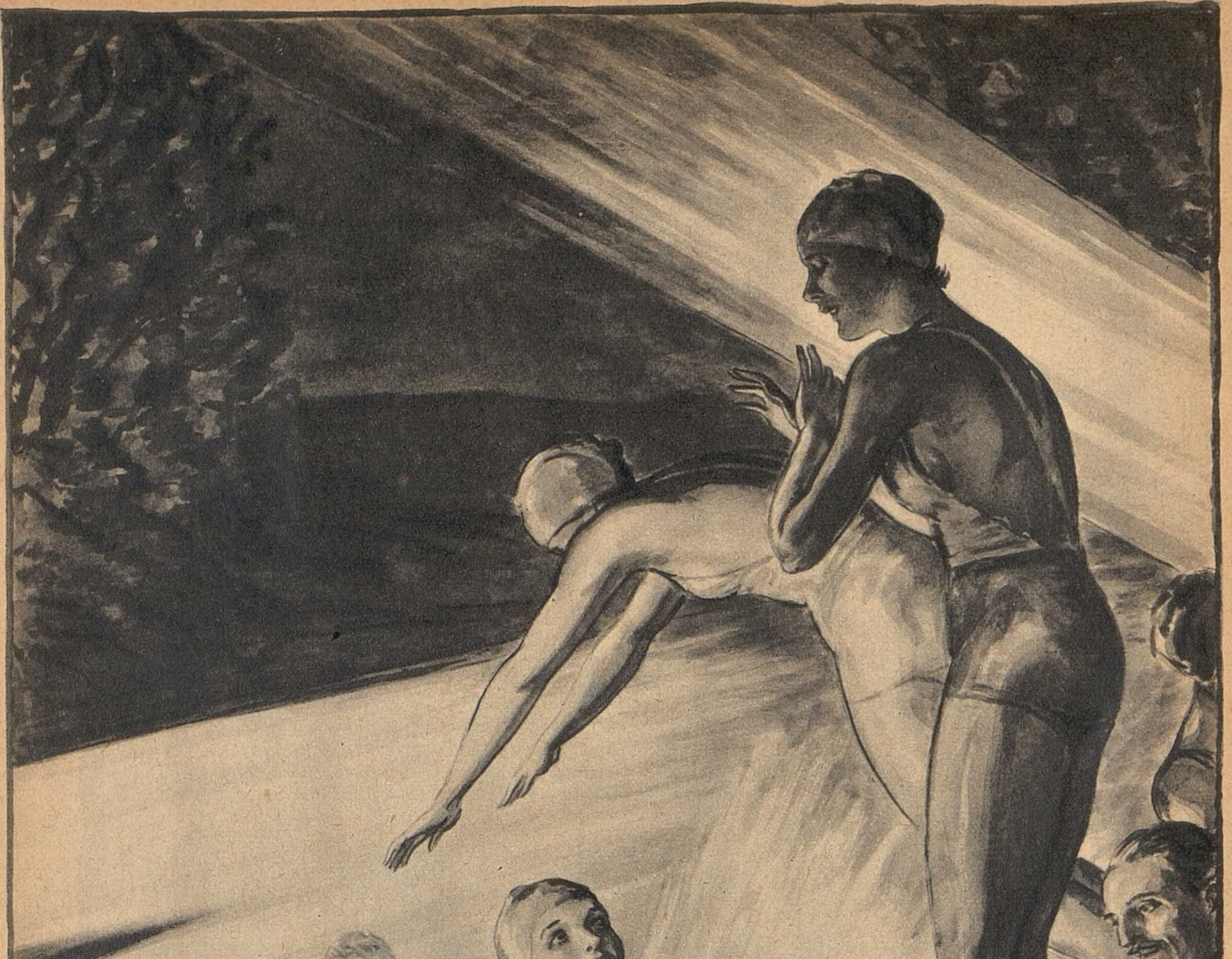
And then, of course, he saw the face on the magazine cover.

That face—that enchantment-weaving portrait, the flesh-and-blood subject of which he was to encounter two years later—is the clue to the gossip-clouded mystery of Rudy Vallee's brief first marriage, to the rashness and disaster of his second—to Fay Webb, and to a hundred things about him that his public has never known. Miss St. Johns will interpret this clue and follow it up to these disclosures in next week's installment.

U. & U. News photo

● Rudy's mother, now dead, and that winsome father of his, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vallee, at home in Maine.

● Below, the original Yale Collegians. Rudy is fourth from the right. In front is their leader, Lester Laden.


HAROLD DENISON

● They'd run around in cars, and swim at night in the river.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

LISA and the FAR HORIZONS

A Story of Simple Lives, and a Woman Touched with Enchantment

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

AS soon as she got off the train I knew something was going to happen, though I didn't know what it would be. The five forty-two is the Denver Flyer and I always like to see her come in. She's only eight hours out from Chicago when she reaches Hardin City and she hasn't really begun to make her best time, but you can see her half a mile down the track, getting bigger and bigger every second, and before you know it she's stopped just right and the porters are jumping down with their little yellow stools. That's one reason I liked hacking for Jerry Biggs in the summer—he always let me meet the Flyer, because she came in just when he wanted to eat.

Besides, it's always interesting, seeing the people. Once the Governor got out and actually bought a newspaper from Teddy Boyd. Even the ordinary folks, who might be dull if you knew them, look pretty important traveling, and you wonder what their stories are. But this woman wasn't ordinary—she was different from the start; and it wasn't only her clothes or the pile of bags she had.

Most girls nowadays, even the best ones, look pretty and alike. I mean, if they don't try to look like Garbo or Dietrich, they try to look like one of the other ones. But this one mightn't ever have been to the movies—she was used to looking like herself. It wasn't anything you could put your finger on, but it was there. She was dressed in black clothes, but she didn't look hot at all, and I never saw a woman less fussy getting off a train. She didn't even fiddle with her hand bag once—just stood there quietly—and when she turned her head you could see the shine of her hair. Sam, the porter on the car, is a pretty good scout, and I saw him signal, so I got there ahead of the rush and said, "Taxi?"

She looked at me for a second as if she'd come out of a dream. Then she smiled.

"Why, yes; I had better, hadn't I?" she said, as if she'd known me a long time. "There was a nice man on the train, but I didn't want to bother him when I'd told them not to meet me. Steamer acquaintances, you know. I think his name was Hart."

"If you're visiting the Harts," I said, "I can get you there in five minutes."

But she shook her head. "No," she said. "I've stopped visiting. There are lots of bags—can you manage?"

Well, I could, because we used the big car for the Flyer, but it took me two trips.

"All set," I said finally. I don't know how New York taxi drivers act, but I hoped I was acting like one. "Hotel Hardin?"

"No," she said. "Go out Chestnut Street—it still is Chestnut, isn't it?—and stop at the big house at the end, if it's still the end. There's an iron fence in front, with blunt spikes you could almost sit on. Oh, I'm telling you all wrong, but—"

"Look here," I said. "If you mean the Ventress place, I'll take you there if you say so. But it's been shut up for years and—"

"I know," she said in a whisper, "but it won't be shut up any more. You see, I'm Lisa Ventress. Or I was a long time ago."

Of course I remembered. Senator Ventress had been our big man, before I was born. And she was the only

● by STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

daughter, who'd run away. But looking at her I couldn't believe the stories.

When we got to the house, it was the way I'd always seen it, with the windows boarded. But that didn't stop her at all. She was all excited and kind of young.

" Oh, I'm glad it's like that—I'm glad I told them to send me the keys! " she said. " Now we can open it ourselves."

Well, you could see it had been a grand place, but it wasn't her kind of grand—all cupolas on the outside and big black furniture in the parlors. But she seemed crazy about it. I thought it was sort of spooky, myself, till we got the boards down from some of the windows. And then I got almost as excited as she was. I forgot all about dinner and Jerry Biggs. I didn't even hear Judge Norton's car drive up—and he was inside the house before I knew it.

" Well, Lisa, my dear," he said with a funny little look on his face. " Welcome home! "

" Oh, Uncle Rod! " she said, and ran over to him.

I had sense enough not to be jealous, because he was an old man and one of the finest men in town. But when I get to be old I'd like to have anybody like her be so glad to see me as that.

Only that spoiled it, because naturally she went back to dinner with him, being a friend of her father's, instead of just staying at the house, the way she'd planned. I was going to drive back to the lunch room and get us some sandwiches. Well, it's all in a life. But when she told the judge that she wanted me to drive her all summer, if I could fix it with Jerry Biggs, that made it all right, though the judge had that funny little look on his face again.

I suppose she wasn't really very beautiful. None of the women seemed to think so, even mother, and now and then, when she was tired, you could see what they meant. But even her being tired was interesting. She was that way. She'd been married three times, but she wasn't married now. I don't see why a fairly young fellow shouldn't marry an older woman. It certainly seems to work all right the other way.

We had such a fine summer, too, till almost the end. I mean I didn't know you could be pleasant and gay like that without it's being wrong. I guess it was wrong, too, the way it turned out, but it didn't seem so at the time. It just seemed the way that people ought to live.

She was awfully hospitable and she had lots of friends. Why, people would drive all the way from Chicago to see her. And as for some of the Hardin City people, it seemed to me, as the summer went on, as if you couldn't go anywhere near the place without falling over Randall Hart. The married women with children—like Mrs. Hart and Mrs. Weaver and all the young set—mostly go to the lakes for the summer, if they can. It gets pretty scorching in August. But Lisa didn't seem to mind the heat—she said she'd been away so long that she liked coming back to it—and I must say it was always nice and cool on the long side porch.

She had some new porch furniture sent down from Chicago—it was painted green and black and very gay. It looked foreign—you know, it looked like something you'd find abroad. Sometimes I had a queer feeling that the porch didn't belong to Hardin City at all.

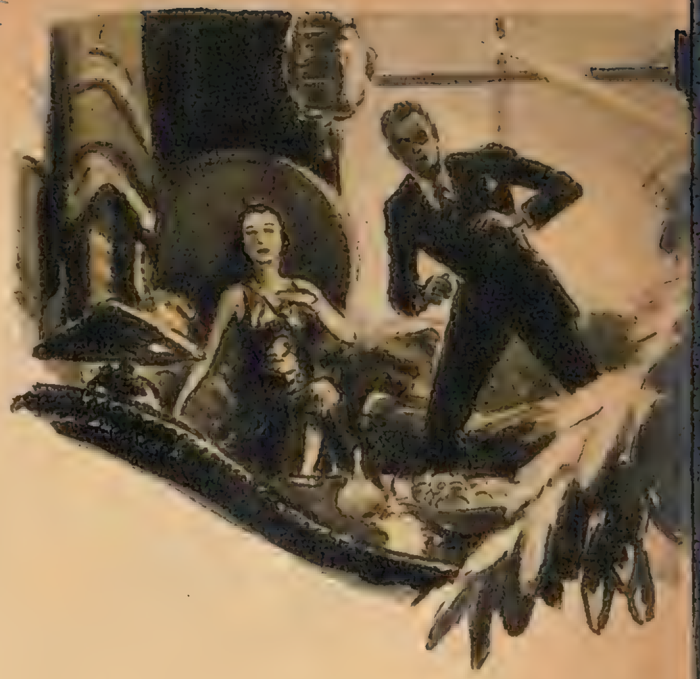
AND once there was a countess, who came from Chicago too, in a real imported car. She'd been born in Des Moines and she looked a little like Nancy Hart, only older. She stayed for the week-end, and they called each other " dear Lisa " and " dear Julia."

When she left I heard her say, " But it's been enchanting, Lisa, your Petit Trianon in the corn belt. We were all heartbroken when you—how do they say it?—retired from circulation. But now, of course, one sees. You're looking ten years younger, dear. It must be the country air—or is it the handsome shepherds? "

" It's just being home," said Lisa. " Sometimes people do come home."

" Sometimes," said the countess. " But not at our age, to Hardin City. Well, darling, we'll see you this winter. They say that new place in Morocco is getting terribly smart. And next summer it'll be the Lido, I suppose. I wish one could find a substitute for the Lido."

I heard him shout —but I got there in time. The one shot went wild.



" If one worked very hard," said Lisa, " I suppose one could. But I'm not trying any more."

" Dear, dear! " said the countess. " Don't tell me the exile's permanent! Though, I agree with you, there's a certain hearty flavor to the American male. Why, even the chauffeur boy has eyes as big as saucers."

" He's a friend of mine," said Lisa. " He's not a chauffeur."

" Of course," said the countess. " But they always were friends, weren't they? Even at Aix-les-Bains, when Hugh didn't understand."

Hugh had been Lisa's second husband—the English one, who died. She kept his picture on her desk, and it looked a little like Randall Hart. The third one was a Greek and there wasn't any picture of him. I guess he was a pretty bad egg—and, anyhow, you couldn't imagine her staying married to a Greek very long.

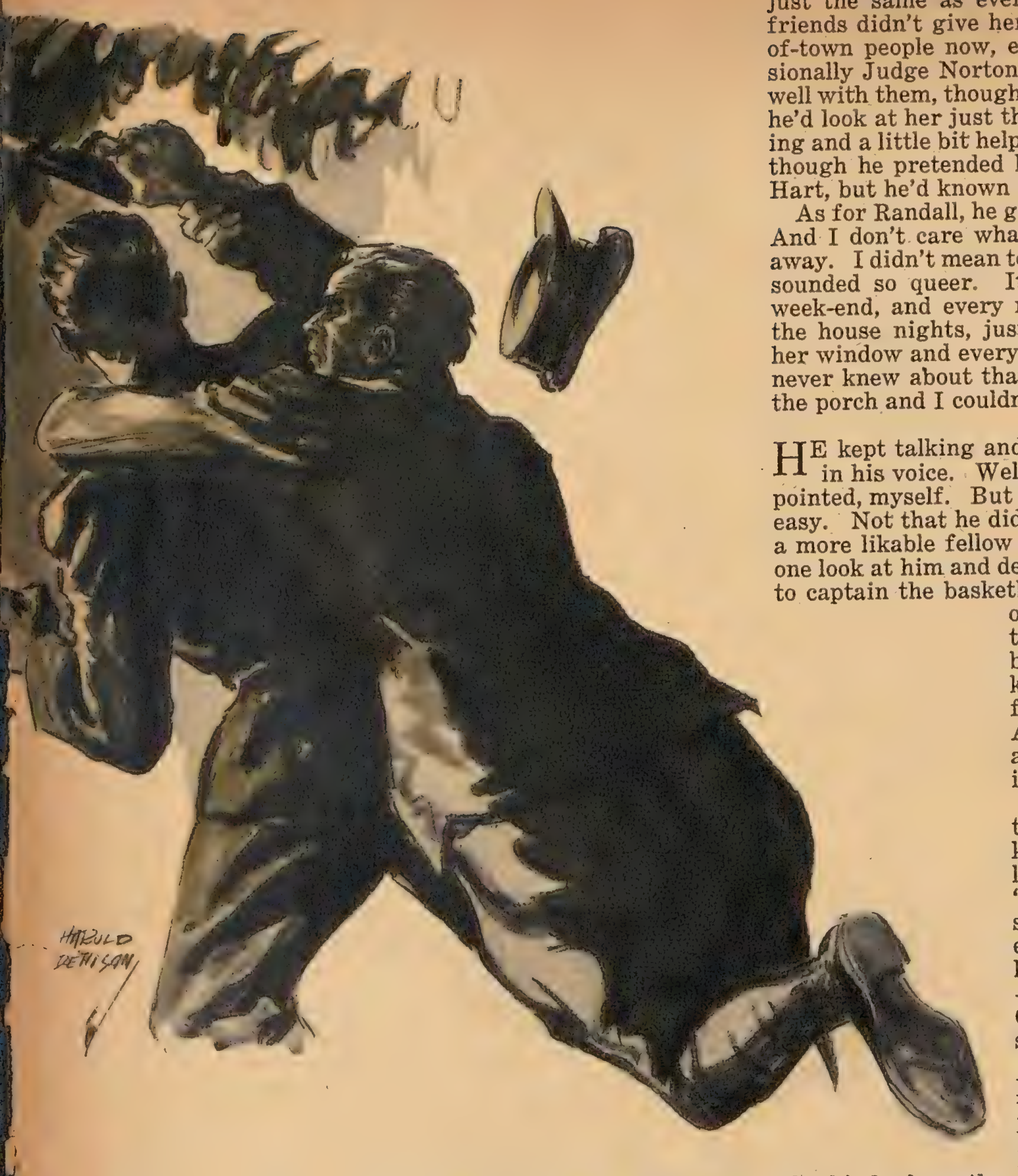
LOOKING back on it now, I think she honestly tried. She wasn't putting on a show or pretending. She was really glad to come home. She didn't mean to turn the house into a Trianon or whatever the countess said. I looked it up in the library afterward, and when I did I thought—well, maybe Marie Antoinette didn't want to, either. But she couldn't help herself any more than Lisa could. There are people like that, and there's nothing you can do about it.

All the same, it was bad that the countess came, for that brought a lot more people. Though I suppose George Appin was bound to come. He was one of those very well pressed men who have to shave twice a day and are always flicking the cigarette ash off tables. But he wasn't sissy, for all of that—there was something quiet and hard about him, like the butt of a gun.

He was an importer, and I guess his name must have been Apfenheimer at one time, or Randall Hart wouldn't have told so many Jewish stories in front of him. Randall's used to kidding people and having them take it—or he was in those days. Well, I wouldn't take Appin's tips, but I didn't feel like kidding him. He was too quiet, and he remembered too much—for all his ice-cream-colored suits and the big green ring on his hand.

You see, by then it was well along in August, and getting wilder and wilder, with more and more people coming—though it never got so wild as a lot of the old cats thought. There never was really much to drink, for one thing—there didn't have to be, with Lisa there. But they'd run around in cars, and swim at night in the river, and all go to the movies in a bunch and laugh at the feature picture. And a lot of them were strangers and apt to be rude. It doesn't take much, in a place like Hardin City, to make an ordinary picnic sound like a four-alarm fire.

I didn't mind the extra driving, but Lisa and I had fewer and fewer times together. We'd had quite a lot at first. I used to ride her around the country so she could see the changes, and she'd sit in the front seat



beside me, just as friendly, and we'd talk. Of course people made a hash of that, but I didn't care.

It was wonderful to hear her talk of places like Rome and Oxford and the Pyrenees and the people you see pictures of in the rotogravure sections but never expect to see in the flesh. Then she'd come back to us and Hardin City and what a good place it was and funny little things like the buffalo robe in her father's carriage—"It must have been the last buffalo robe in the world, Carl!"—and the people who came to dinner when her father was senator, and how she'd be put on the table with the dessert, when she was just a kid, and made to recite.

"Never bring your children up to be charming, Carl. Particularly girls."

SHE never spoke of her first marriage but once, going past the station. And then she said, "Does the local still run to Big Falls, Carl? The night Chester and I were married it was twenty-two minutes late, and we sat on his sample cases on the other side of the tracks, because he was afraid of father. Father could have stood it, I think, except for the sample cases. He belonged to a wheeling club. I mean Chester, not father. And he wore a little gold skull with garnet eyes on his watch chain. I thought it was very sweet. But it was really the only sweet thing about Chester."

So I could see her, young and excited, drumming her heels against the sample case and waiting to hear the whistle of the train. But I couldn't see Chester at all, and I was just as glad.

But now, as I say, those times were over. She was just the same as ever, when she remembered, but her friends didn't give her time. They were almost all out-of-town people now, except for Randall Hart and occasionally Judge Norton. And the judge didn't fit in very well with them, though he was very polite. Now and then he'd look at her just the way I felt—amused and wondering and a little bit helpless. He lost weight that summer, though he pretended he didn't. He was fond of Nancy Hart, but he'd known Lisa ever since she was born.

As for Randall, he got so he'd just sit there and glower. And I don't care what anybody says, she did send him away. I didn't mean to listen, but I was scared—his voice sounded so queer. It was just before the Labor Day week-end, and every now and then I liked to walk past the house nights, just to see that there was a light in her window and everything looked all right. The family never knew about that. But this time they were out on the porch and I couldn't help hearing.

HE kept talking and talking, and there was that thing in his voice. Well, I know what it's like to be disappointed, myself. But Randall always had had everything easy. Not that he didn't deserve it, for you couldn't find a more likable fellow anywhere. But people would take one look at him and decide he was the person they wanted to captain the basketball team or go into their business or marry their daughter. And when that goes on for a while you're bound to get to feel that you're a kind of small god—that it's right for you to have everything you want. And then, if you do want something and can't get it, you're apt to take it worse than the ordinary guy.

Randall wasn't acting like a man that evening—he was acting like a kid with the sulks. He said nasty little things. And once she said, "But, Randall—can't you understand? I'm tired—I'm not interested—I just want to live in my house." And I think that was true—I think that was what she wanted. Only, once people started coming, she couldn't, of course.

Finally, however, he did go away. But I didn't like it, all the same, and I stuck pretty close to the house through that Labor Day week-end. It was a bad week-end, very hot—the kind of weather that gets under your skin. There were lots too many people, and, for the first time, a couple of them got tight. I knew it couldn't go on like that. The women would be coming back from the lakes soon, and they make the winter in a town. But finally we got all the visitors off except Mr. Appin, and I felt better. He'd really behaved very well on the week-end, calming things down when they got too excited.

Judge Norton came over that evening for a sort of picnic supper with them that Lisa got, and I took the maids down to the movies—they were pretty worn out—and then came back to be ready to drive Mr. Appin to the late night train. And that was one of the pleasantest times, because Lisa and I washed up, though it really wasn't my job, and she really seemed glad to have all the people out of the house and things peaceful again.

Afterward they sat out on the porch, and I went out for a minute to look over the car. She'd been missing occasionally, and I hadn't had time to fix it, with all the driving. But it was lucky I did, because I saw Randall from the garage. It was dark, but I knew who he was, and he had something in his hand. There were two red ends of cigarettes on the porch, and he was making for them around the side of the house. Then I started to run like hell, and I heard him shout—but I got there just in time.

When I got up I felt dizzy, fetching myself that crack on the porch steps. But it was Appin who got the gun away from him. I can't remember what he shouted—something about Appin and Lisa. Anyhow, now the outside light was on, and there was broken glass on the rug that Lisa had ordered from Chicago. There was only the one shot, you see, and that went wild when I jumped him.

Judge Norton was standing in the middle of the French doors, looking dazed—he'd been in the library when it happened, going through some papers for Lisa. And Randall was sitting hunched up on the steps, with his head in his hands, rocking back and forth and saying, "Oh, God, what have I done, what have I done?"

Anyhow, there we were, and nobody moved for a second. And then George Appin walked over calmly from in front of Lisa and started to pick up the broken glass.

The next thing I knew, we were all in the library and talking. The craziness was all out of Randall now, and he stood in front of Judge Norton like a kid too small for his clothes. It's bad to see a lucky person go to pieces, because they're not used to it. But it probably does teach them something, at that.

Lisa was staring in front of her and saying "Oh, no, no, no! Not any more! Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" She hadn't lost control and she wasn't crying, but she did keep saying that. And George Appin was beside her, holding one of her hands. It couldn't have been good for his suit, to stoop over that way, but he seemed to have forgotten that.

Meanwhile the three of us were talking, with Judge Norton taking the lead. Because it had to be kept quiet, of course. There couldn't be any talk. Randall was pretty interested in explaining about himself and his character, and how now he'd ruined his life and his home and everything else because of a moment's insanity. But we weren't so interested in that. The thing that worried us most was the bullet in the porch pillar, and I felt a whole lot better when I finally pried it out with my knife—because a hole can be anything, but a bullet doesn't look like anything else in the world. So, after that, we trooped back to the library, where we'd left George Appin and Lisa. She was all right now, and the color had come back to her face.

The judge cleared his throat.

"Lisa," he said, "I can't tell you how I feel about this. But Randall has come to his senses—if he ever had any—and, fortunately, no one but ourselves knows anything about this—this unhappy affair. I think he had better start for the lakes tonight. I understand that he wired Mrs. Hart he was coming before—before this happened. And meanwhile—"

"Yes? Meanwhile?" said George Appin in a voice as cold and brittle as the broken glass.

We all turned and look at him then. We had to. He was so perfectly composed. And we had almost forgotten that he was there.

"I am very sorry, Judge Norton," he said, "but I don't quite understand. This gentleman tried to murder me. And murder isn't a sport—yet. Or maybe I'm wrong."

He was in deadly earnest—you could tell from his eyes.

THE judge looked as if he'd suddenly stepped downstairs when he didn't expect to.

"Of course," he said, "if Mr. Appin wishes to press the charge—"

Appin flicked at his lapel.

"You are an honest man, Judge Norton," he said. "It is lucky you are here. So many people have always lied for Lisa. So many are willing to lie for gentlemen like Mr. Hart."

"Look here," said Randall furiously. But Appin paid no attention. Randall might have been so much cigarette ash.

"You see how I am situated," he said. "I have known Lisa a long time. I think I have not been—unhelpful—at certain moments, Lisa? Mr. Hart is looking at me very savagely. But, Lisa my dear, I think you are tired of scenes. I think that is why you came here. Has it worked? It has not worked. There are always these Mr. Harts. I do not like being murdered, but we may pass that over. But I should like to know this, Lisa: What do you intend to do about me?"

And then I saw, from her face, that for all his ice-cream-colored suits and the big green ring on his finger, he had won, and she respected the victory. Randall Hart was merely an accident.

She looked at him for a moment almost as if she were going to laugh. But the life had come back into her face.

"Will I have a really big car, George?" she said. "You know, it would be fun to have a really big car again."

"My dear Lisa," he said, with a small gesture of his hand, "the biggest car in the world. Only not in your name, my dear, and the chauffeur will not be twenty."

"Oh, well," she said. "Oh, dear. Yes, George, I suppose you're right."

So then Judge Norton took Randall back to the Hart house and saw him off for the lakes, and I went and collected the maids from the movies. When I got back, they wanted me for one of the witnesses at the wedding. George Appin had had the license all the time—which was like him—and three rings to choose from in his suitcase—which was like him too.

Afterward, when Judge Norton and I were alone together a minute, he said, "She was such a dear child, and yet— Well, there's nothing to be done with life, I suppose, but spend it. I imagine they'll go abroad a good deal." And he sounded a little relieved.

I kissed the bride, and it was the first time I'd ever kissed her—and the last, if I knew George Appin. But I couldn't hate him, really. In fact, I felt better about him now than I did about Randall. He wasn't nearly as lucky, but he was made of something.

OF course they said a lot of things about what I'd done, but even George Appin knew he couldn't pay me, so that was all right. But he did say, "Lisa—the boy—you have something?"—because I heard him. And she said, "Of course, George," and ran upstairs, and came down in a minute with a little thing in her hand. It was a tiny silver pin that she used to wear, and it couldn't have been worth more than a couple of dollars, but I've got it still. It's made in the shape of a lady standing on a sea shell, and her long hair's blowing and there's a smile on her lips. I suppose it's really a girl's pin, but even if I can't wear it I'm glad to have it. He looked pleased when she gave it to me, too, which was funny. But I guess there was quite a lot to him that he didn't show when he was visiting and had to be so careful of his words and his clothes.

I expected to feel pretty bad, taking them to the train next day, but I didn't. I'd had a talk with Judge Norton about the courses I intended to take next year at State, and somehow that cheered me up. Well, she couldn't have stayed—she wasn't meant to stay in places like Hardin City. You could see that from the first. It was something she could think of and wish for, but something she couldn't do. It's our sort of people that stay. And she was really excited when we heard the train down the track. She hadn't forgotten us, but something was over and she was going somewhere new.

So now the place is boarded up once more, and I don't suppose it will ever be opened again—unless, sometime, she comes back when she's a very old lady, just for the last. I used to go up and look at it once in a while, and once I saw Randall go by it, driving fast. But only once. He's solider than he used to be and not quite so cocky—and the funny thing is, he pays more attention to Nancy than he did. Before that he seemed to sort of take it for granted that she was pretty and nice, as if his wife couldn't be anything else. But he doesn't do that any more.

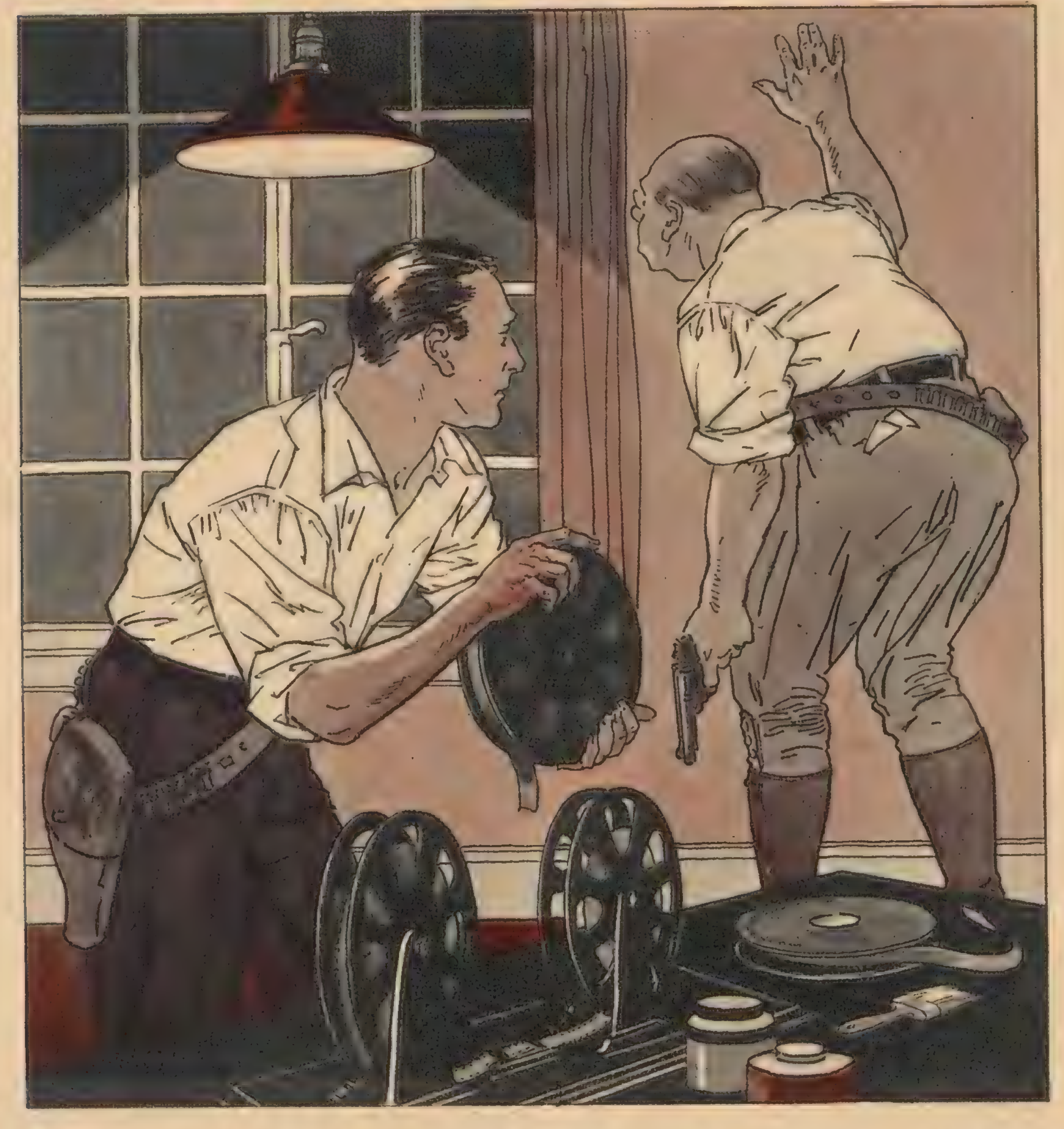
I'd like it if she'd come back that way—a very old lady. Then I'd come back too, and we'd have time to do things like drive out as far as Lost Tree, which we never did. And in the evening we could sit on the porch now and then, and not have to say much, just sit there. Of course she's a good deal older, but that wouldn't make nearly so much difference then.

Yes, I'd come back from anywhere to do that. I'm sure I'd know. But I want to go some of the places she went first, and see some of the things she saw. Because there's another life somewhere—the life she went looking for when she first left us—and, good or bad, you've got to try it and see it. And every time the Night Flyer goes past I know I'll be on it sometime, and the whistle shakes in my heart.

THE END

An Anonymous Hollywood Saga

Every Other Inch a GENTLEMAN



● This time, when it was finished, J. E. cut it himself and put it together, and I stood guard in the cutting room, while he was doing it. Both of us had guns.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 18 SECONDS

B. J. HASDID, mogul of the moving-picture industry, decides that it is time for the world to know him better through a biography. Carl Vogel, who has put biography in the big-money class, is to do the job. Mr. Vogel requests that, pending his arrival in Hollywood, Mr. Hasdid prepare some notes on his career.

Mr. Hasdid begins dictating these notes to Lottie Graham, his secretary. He tells of his father's arrival in this country from Turkey, via steerage and with a capital of two dollars. He narrates his own early struggles and his longing for romance and adventure. He tells how he "joined the navy to see the world" and of his return to marry Rosetta. Then comes his advent in the moving-picture business as proprietor of certain small nickelodeon emporiums for the display of the early cinema efforts.

He tells of his meeting with Virginia Carter, a meeting that was to change his life and make him a cinema magnate. He relates how he first came to Hollywood and the struggles he had in producing his first picture, with Virginia Carter as the star.

Mr. Hasdid tells of the discouragements he endured in that first venture. How he saw his $20,000 capital practically exhausted with the picture still unfinished. And then, just as success seemed at hand, some vandal ruined the film.

Mr. Hasdid breaks in on his narrative to make a few remarks regarding his great concern for his son David, who has returned to Hollywood from the Eastern college he has been attending.

Mr. Hasdid resumes his memories of the early days when his first film had been ruined, his capital was exhausted, and the sum of $11,000 stood between him and glorious success. What to do?

PART THREE

THE FIRST VAMPIRE: OR, YOU NEVER CAN TELL ABOUT A WOMAN

THAT night, Lottie, I was in a dump, walking hither and yon, up highways, down byways, trying to sever the Gorgon's knot. I even appealed to the Almighty, a course I often adopt when I have completely exhausted all my own resources and feel like the well known jam. Well, He must have heard me, for I'm a son of a gun if the next morning I didn't see the sign I had prayed for. In short, on my way to the so-called studio I run plunk into Joe Lissberger, my old partner in those early nickelodeon days, who now owned five little movie theaters around New York and was now anxious to horn in around California.

Well, I got the money—but, oh, Lottie, at what a price! My flesh creeps even now when I think of it. I was at the mercy of a golden fleecer who took his advantage, leaving me practically nude. The upshot was that Joe was willing to loan me the $11,000, but the penalty was that he was to have a share in this and all my future endeavors, *ad infinitum, ad nausea.* He wanted a 25-percent interest, but I beat him down to an exorbitant ten, the dirty little conniverer!

Well, be that as it may, we started in and made the picture all over again. This time, when it was finished, J. E. cut it himself and put it together, and I stood guard in the cutting room, while he was doing it. Both of us had guns. We took two negatives, and every night, with a gun on my hip, I took one of the negatives home, just to be sure that one would be safe. Well, nothing happened this time and the picture was finished. We called it The Virginia Coquette, just like it had been called on the stage. It was the first American feature-length picture and it was a great success.

Because I had so much trouble in sending some one around to sell The Virginia Coquette, I decided I would have to before long organize my own exchanges and have certain theaters where I could be sure my pictures would be shown later on.

And now came another of my big enervations. The star system. Up to now, y'understand, there hadn't been any real stars. But with my ear constantly, so to speak, at the public keyhole, I realized that a change was just around the corner. I checked up carefully and found out that Mary Pickford and some of the other favorites always brought people into the box office. I found out that the movie public was discriminating between pictures which had their favorites in them and pictures which had no particular star personality. So I decided I would star Virginia Carter and play up her name.

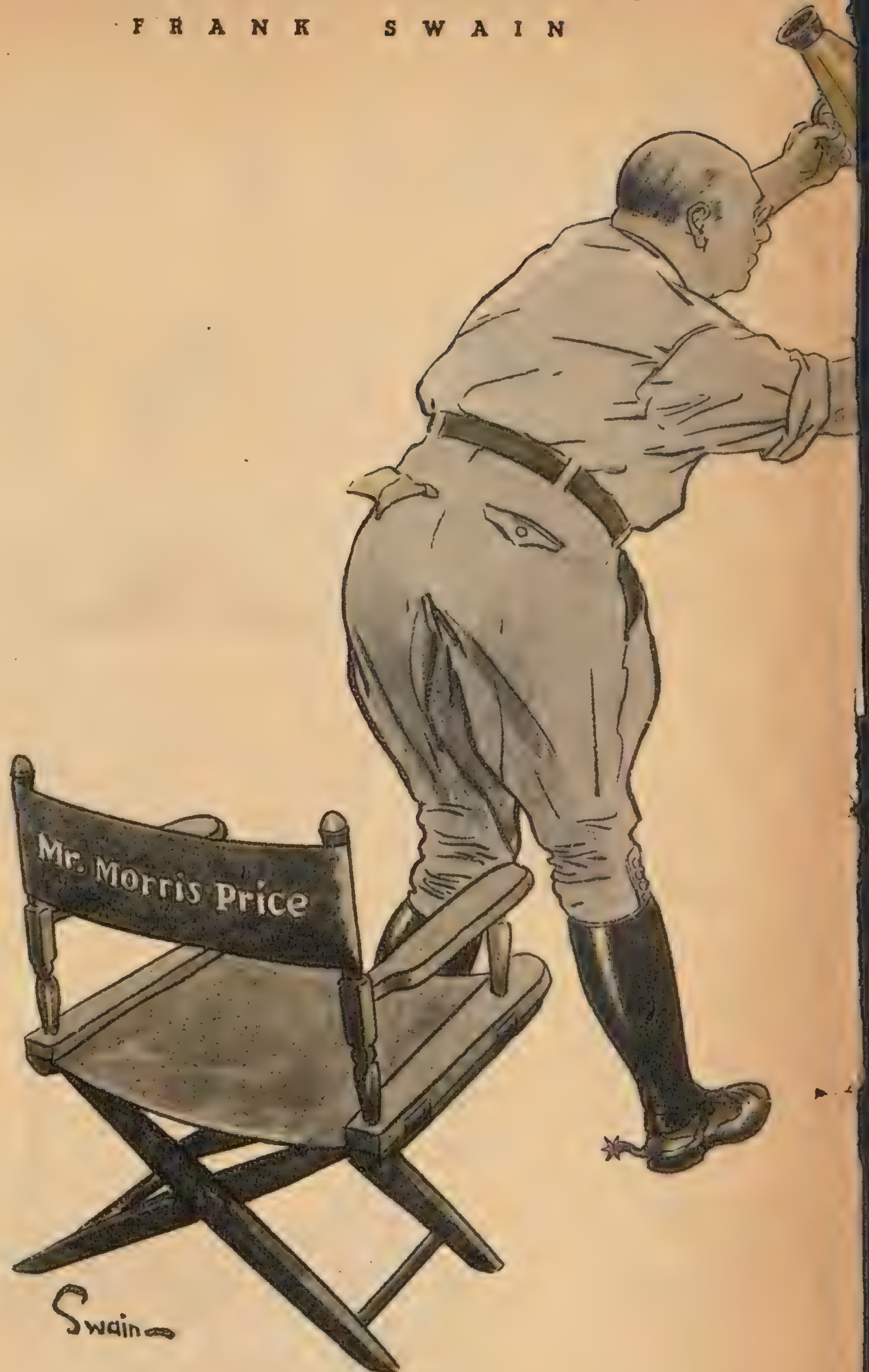
If I knew then what I knew later I might not have done this. The Virginia Carter pictures made the beginning of my fortune. But the star system, which it started for me, has created an incubus for me that makes old Frankenstein look like one of Singer's midgets.

Anyway, I was the first to play up the name of an actress as a trade name. I engaged a young newspaper man to do the real work on this, and it wasn't long before the newspapers all through the country were publishing personal stories about Virginia Carter, who was the first great picture star. He used the expression "the public's darling," and as you know, Lottie, to this day that's what they call Virginia Carter.

In the interim, as 'twere, Virginia herself was still very modest and sweet. She didn't realize yet that before many years her liniments would be familiar to the whole world. About this time she fell very much in love with John Hastings, her leading man. It was very pretty to watch—just a boy-and-girl romance—and it got on the screen and made their love-making very convincing.

But when the picture was made they came to me and told me they wanted to get married. I thought it was a fine idea. But it seems there was a hitch in it. I had made arrangements to sign Virginia on a five-year contract, though the papers had not been signed yet. John, who had had a great deal of trouble in getting work, felt he was too poor—he wasn't equal to marrying her as far as financial responsibility was concerned.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK SWAIN

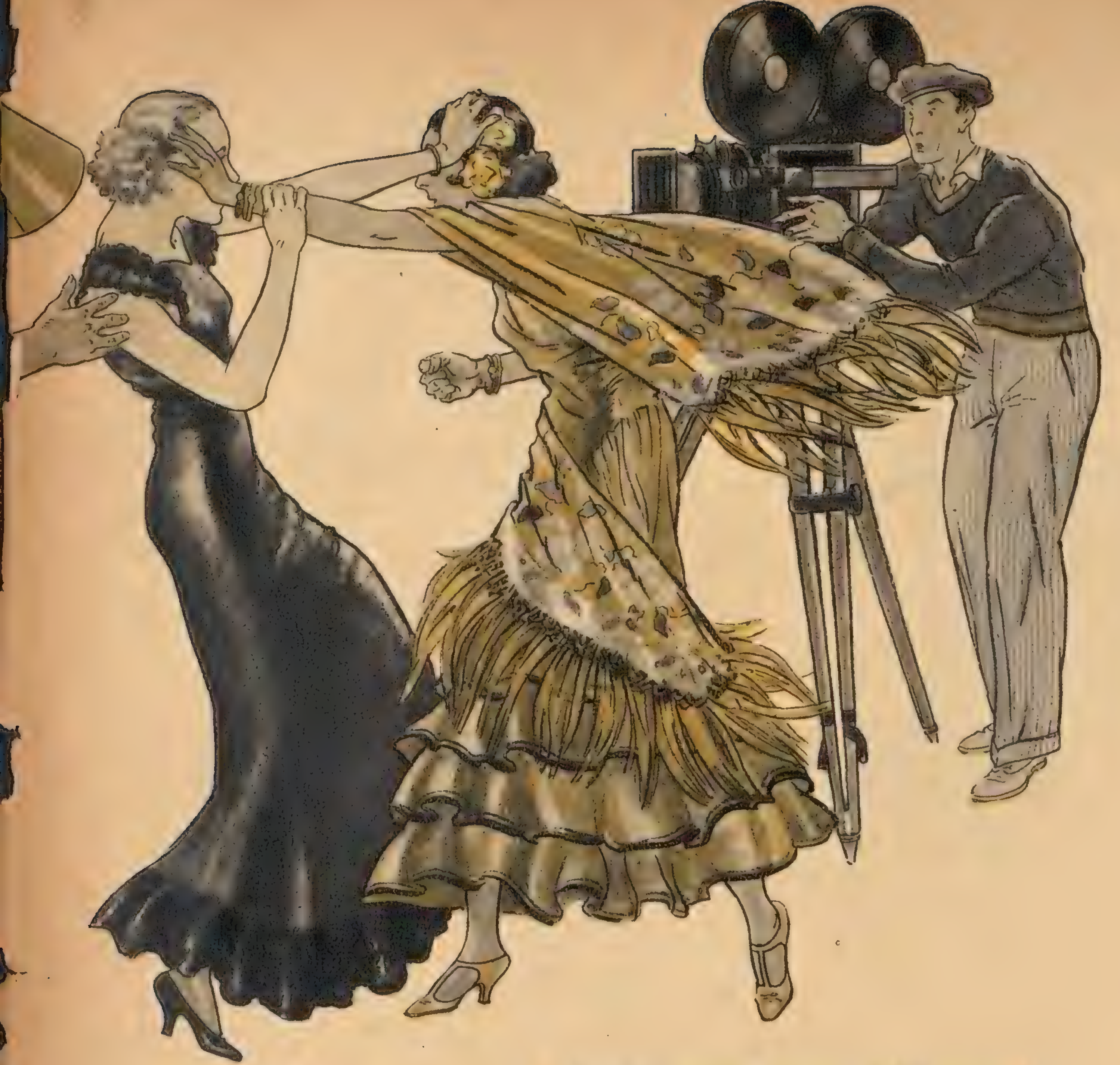


THEN Virginia did a beautiful scene in my office. She told me she wasn't going to let her career interfere with her happiness and so she wouldn't sign my contract—she would marry John and retire from the public and be just a little wife to him. What she was trying to get was a contract for John, and an agreement that he play opposite her as her leading man whenever she wanted him. John was a pretty good actor, but I let on to Virginia as how I felt I could do much better elsewhere.

Well, a very pretty scene was acted out, Virginia battling for her rights as a woman in search of the old blue bird, me fighting for my integrity as a producer. In the end I give in and signed them both, with Virginia practically making me a present of John, though at the time she didn't realize it, being then in a state of newborn love commonly known as "the throes."

The newspaperman who was called my press agent saw in this a chance for a newspaper story, and I'll say one thing for him—he certainly did a good job. Everybody had a chance to read in the newspapers how the romance of the screen had become a romance in real life.

Virginia loved all this and she was always acting up to it wherever she and John went. They were always the screen lovers. When they were invited out to dinner they



A fight insued which makes the duel between the panther and the python look like a mere setting-up exercise.

always insisted on sitting next to each other, holding hands. She called him Jo-Jo and he called her Jee-Jee. They even invented a baby talk of their own, which they talked furiously to each other when they realized an audience was in the offering.

OF course everybody knows that they were divorced five years later. All of this publicity which had been built up on them worked against their getting a divorce, and Virginia was smart enough to know this I believe she was unhappy for nearly three years before she'd give in to getting free. Y'understand, the public was demanding both of them, and after a while that begun to get Virginia's goat. She was a much greater actress than he was an actor, and she knew it; and after the first glamour of her early married days had died out, her professional pride, which never did get pushed very far back, come to the surface and she was jealous because the public seemed to like John as well as they liked her.

Well, Lottie, my success with The Virginia Coquette had done marvelous things for me. It had made money and given me courage to go ahead as a pioneer in a field whose rich loam had millions in its great paw and whose surface we had only begun to scratch. I had learned, too, that in order to make more feature pictures, as well as bigger and better ones, I must have more stars. Virginia Carter was okay, but, clever as she was, she could not multiply, and one of a kind was enough as well. I needed more stars. The General Film Company had popular names like John Bunny, Mary Pickford, and Tom Mix, but who had I? Here was a situation!

They say, Lottie, that necessity is the mother of invention, and here was a dilemma which brought out all the maternal in me. I decided that this was a good time for me to rotate. That is, instead of creating another woman, as I had Virginia, I would now bring a man into being. But who?

One day, as I was sitting in my office weighing this problem, turning it this way and that and getting nowhere, I become conscious of a commotion in the so-called street outside my window.

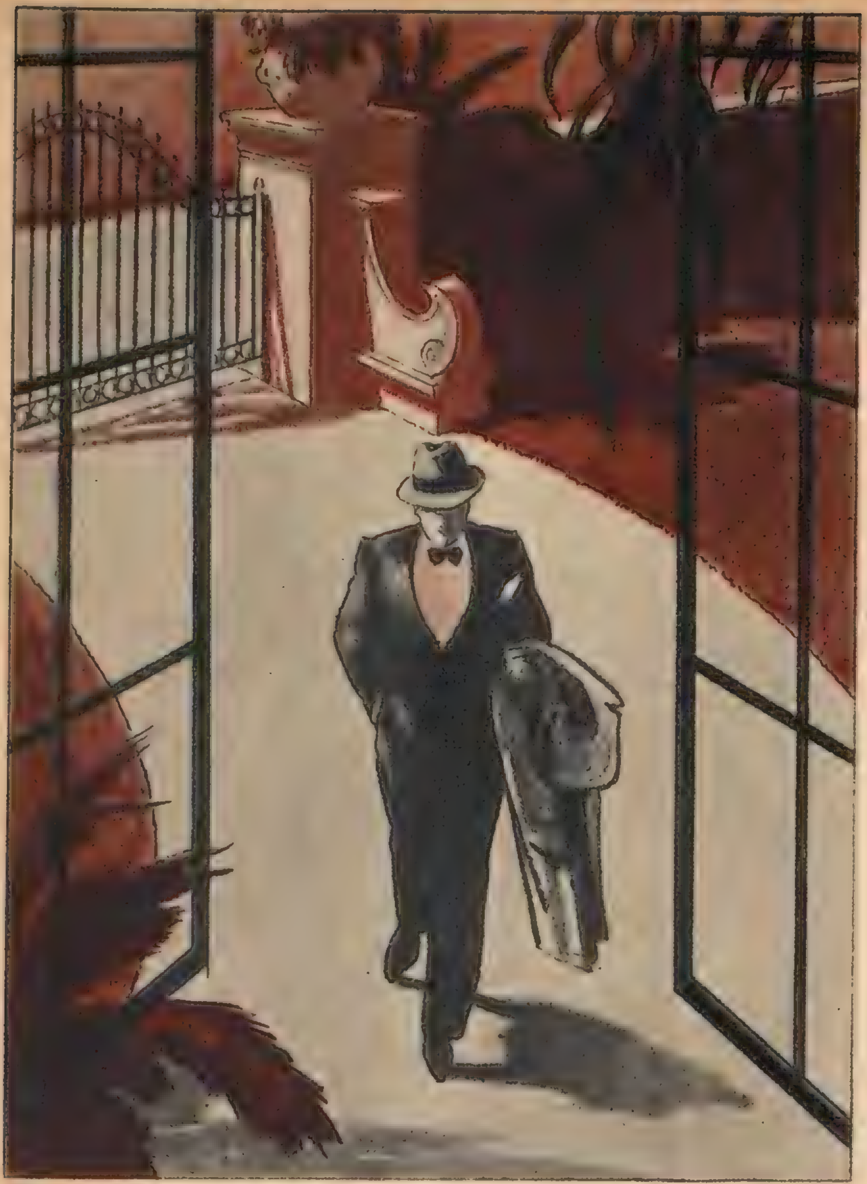
WHAT looked like about a million kids was gathered to watch a cowboy who was on his horse, doing all manner of stunts. Of course cowboys and their stunts was no novelty to me, as the woods around Hollywood was lousy with them. But I had never seen anything to equal this bird and his pony, Billy. Suddenly, as I watched their cavortings, it came to me that here was my sign! Up to now, y'understand, the big star of Westerns was not a real cowboy at all, but only a grease-paint horseman who had to have a double when anything like horsemanship was called for. Without any desire to boast, I'll say here I was the first to put a real honest-to-God cowboy in Westerns.

Well, I called this fellow in, who I found a ready listener. It didn't take me long to coerce him into saying farewell to sagebrush and coyote and enter pictures, which was a wider rostrum for his distinguished gifts. And he justified both my faith and my persperacity.

His name when he first came to me was Larry Burt, which I persuaded him to change to Bison—a specie of quadruped indigeous to American soil, which once peopled the American scene but which is now only a museum piece—and Larry was justly proud of it.

Always he remained the simple unspoiled stalwart lad of the great open spaces. Other stars might swank it, as 'twere, but never Larry Bison. No matter what the occasion, he would always appear in his little old chaps, bandanna, and five-gallon hat. I shall never forget the wedding of the famous Hollywood star when, just as the lovers were plighting their trough, Larry rode Billy right up the steps of the old Colonial mansion, making a spectacular entrance in his simple outdoor costume of white buckskin. The bride, who had been promised a safe berth on page 1, cursed bitterly next day when Larry Bison grabbed the headlines and renegaded her to page 16.

It was at this time I adopted the sports costume, which has since become so popular in Hollywood, for use around the studio. I refer to the ensemble of sport shirt with V neck, riding britches, puttees, and spurs, which several directors have since laid claim to as originating—a damn'



Finally I see him coming up the driveway on foot, so I throws on a dressing gown and stands waiting.

lie which I have quelched on several previous occasions.

It was at this time, also, that I was guilty of another of my well known enervations. I engaged a writer to write.

I engaged Tom Healey, author of half a dozen successful novels and plays of a sophisticated nature, such as The Wedding Belle, Adam's Apple, The Divorce Mill, Brides and Bridesmaids, and put him to work on a Western for Larry Bison. He justified all my expectations.

One day we was sitting in my office in a story conference when the door opened minus any ostentation, and a ravishing young woman glided into the room. I say "glided" because that is just what she done. She was like a beautiful serpent, with her slender, sinewy body which seemed like as if it had no bones, her hair like black velvet, skin like a bottle of Grade A, and eyes that was a sweet invitation to slumber. She just stood there like a graven statue, her eyes half shut, waiting for some one to speak.

I WASTED no time on prefaces and offertories, but ran her right through the gauntlet of the emotions. Well, she come out like a million dollars. She knew her facial values. And her voice! Well, in those days, of course, the voice didn't matter—only it did to me. It sent shivers through every vertabræ, which was like a cello—always, next to the harp, my favorite instrument. We signed her up for a long term. She told us her name was Carmelita Coltenhead, that her people had been some of California's early settlers, rich once but paupers now, which made it vital for her to find some work which would be a credit to her ancient lineage.

The whole world now knows Lita Colta, the name we finally decided on. "Lita" was short for "Carmelita," and the "Colta" was a natural retrogression from "Coltenhead." She become the first vampire of the screen. Other producers followed in my wake, but none of the carbon copies ever become so popular as Lita Colta. It was really her that made the American people "It"-conscious, an expression later laid at the door of Elinor Glyn, but really invented, I have been told, by another English authoress, Lady Winnington Westerby. I will not attempt to pass judgment, as I know Mrs. Glyn, who is every inch a lady and a pip to boot, so I would naturally be on the bias. I will leave the subject lay and let these two authoresses fight it out between them.

Lita's career being in its infancy, as 'twere, I had, as you can imagine, Lottie, a lot of developing to do, which naturally made a necessity of Lita and me being thrown a good deal together. We burned up a lot of midnight oil in her apartment, working out scenes.

Virginia, as you may guess, did not welcome Lita with any open arms. A smart girl like her was not long in recognizing Lita as an artistic rival. For a while the two girls went about with their swords in a sheaf. But one day nature asserted itself and hell broke loose.

WELL, Lottie, a fight insued which makes the duel between the panther and the python look like a mere setting-up exercise. Virginia dropped her background as a belle from old Kentucky, or wherever she claimed to have sprung from, while Lita condescended to ignore the fact that she was an early settler. They pulled hair, they bit, they went into clinches, and as for language—well, I heard expressions from those two delicate flowers that I had always thought was buried and forgotten. It took J. E. and I an hour to separate them. When I finally did come between them, Lita flings her arms about my neck, weeping copiously and begging me, in the name of our love and what have you, to stand up for her and put that Carter devil (which I am putting mildly) in her place.

Can you imagine, Lottie, how I felt? Here was a woman malinging my fair name before everybody, besplotching my innocence, to gain a paltry sendency over a rival star. It was gralling to think that these evil-minded onlookers would turn our pure relationship into something unspeakable. Here was Lita calling me names like Snookums and Fudgy-wudgy (which she was making up out of whole cloth) and me wishing the earth might open up and swallow me, when I heard a voice saying, "B. J., could I speak with you a moment?"

Well, Lottie, though at such a time a man's wife is the last person he hopes to see, I uttered a silent thanksgiving; for Lita loosened her clutch on me and I lost no time in following Rosetta off of the set.

To this day, Lottie, I never knew how Rosetta happened to be on the set for that fracas. I always suspected Virginia Carter, who was always jealous and a woman scorned. Well, anyhow, Rosetta never let on as how she had seen anything untowards, but begun talking about her mission, which was something concerning the children maybe—I forget. As she was leaving the office, she turned with that wise smile of hers and said, "You know how I feel about other women you get interested in, B. J., and I'm not scolding you. But remember this. You can't kiss 'em and boss 'em at the same time. It just won't work."

I can tell you now, Lottie, that nothing has ever hurt me so deep as that. Here was my wife, the woman to who I had given my fair name, two lovely children, and a good living, a woman who I reasoned I could trust, who was judging me by the low standards of the rest of the world. High-ho!

Well, Lottie, this making of feature pictures with stars, which was entirely my idea, was the greatest contribution to the making of pictures so far.

By this time another company had come out here, and though I didn't think they were making as good pictures as I was, they were doing pretty good too.

The proof that I was right about feature pictures with stars showed in the increase in the number of people who were now becoming regular movie fans. Millions of people all over the country was now satisfied that they was getting good entertainment and they become regular customers.

Having got a new art started—and a lot of carps to the contrary, Lottie, I know pictures is an art, the same as painting and music and statues—I now turned my attention to the question of exchanges and theaters. If there's one thing I pride myself on, it's that I was the first producer to realize that

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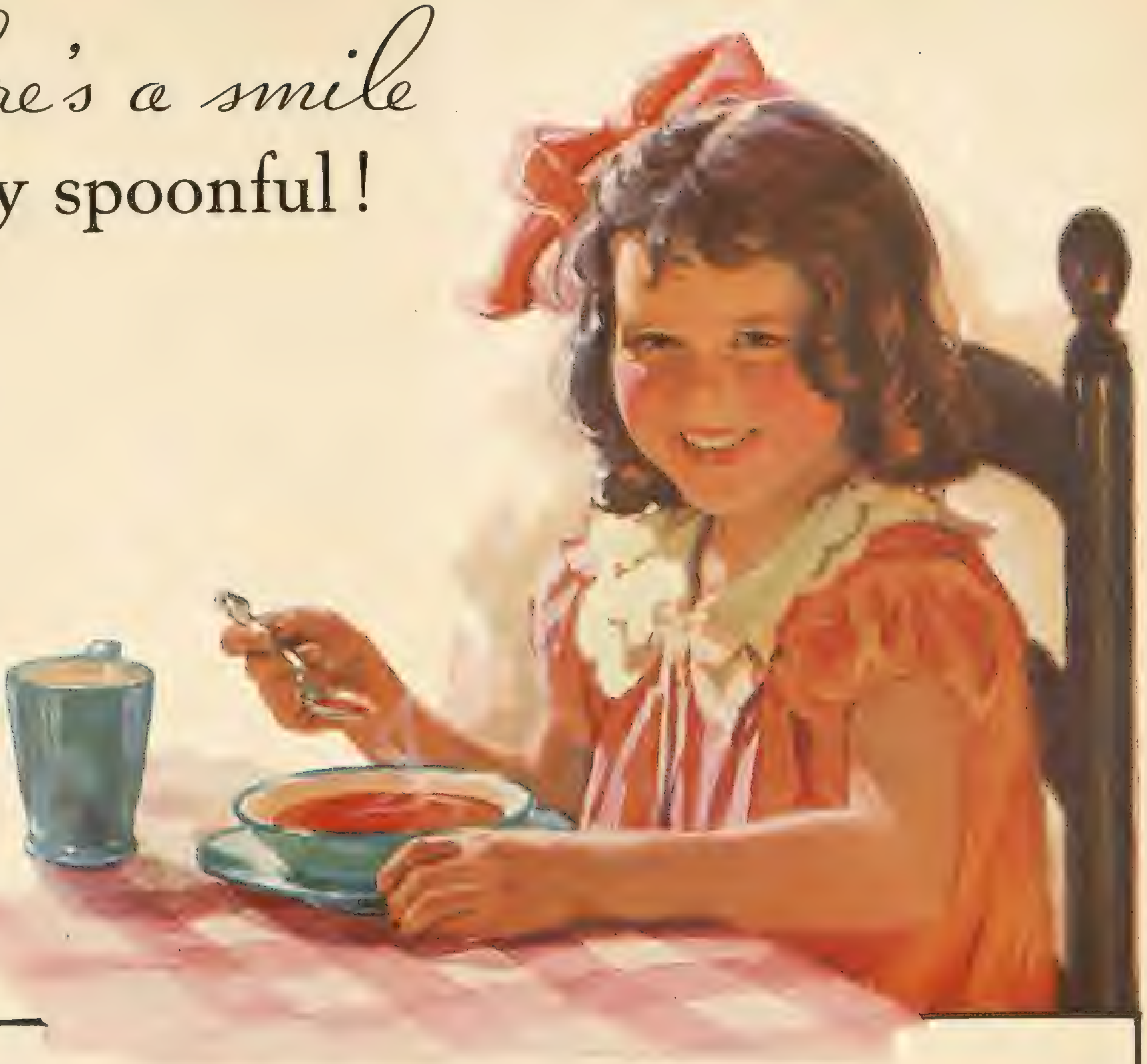
There's a smile in every spoonful!



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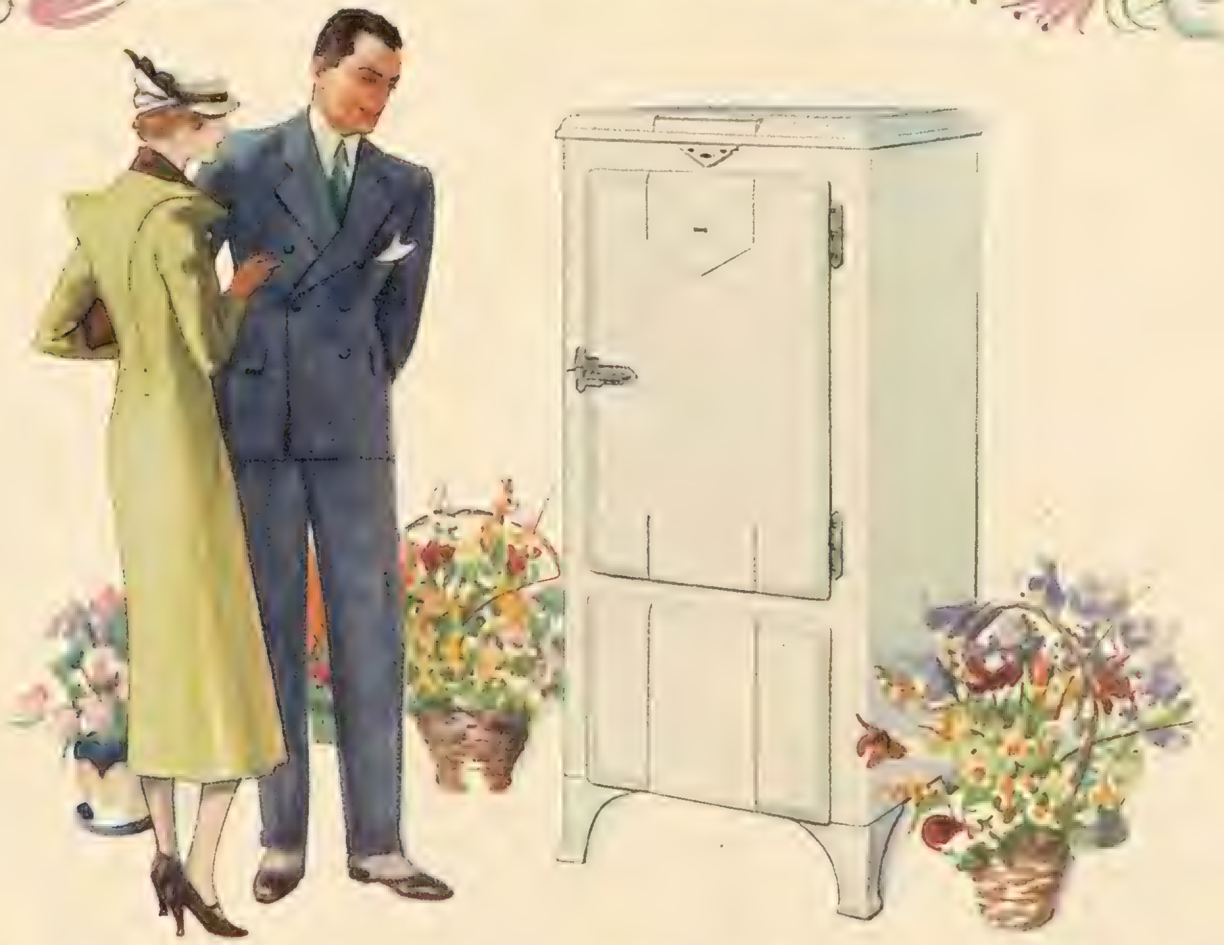

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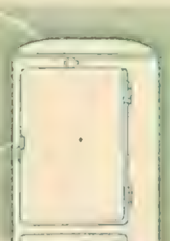

Model Standard 434

(Continued from page eighteen)

the big money could be made by owning the theaters and the exchanges and by holding in my own hands all the three elements of the business—manufacture, distribution, and exhibition. But I'll tell about that in its right place.

Well, Lottie, that will be all for today. Yes, I know we got fifteen minutes to go yet on our daily stint, but I am spent, Lottie, like as if I was milked dry. The flow has gone, the ebb is here, the creative is on the wane.

If you've got an engagement for tonight, Lottie, I wish you'd call it off and go to the house for dinner. I've got a big deal to put over tonight, so I can't be there myself. It will be a good chance for you to have a talk with David and find out what's on his mind, what's going on inside him, and this and that. Draw him out, Lottie; win his confidence; get him to talk about himself. I'll be home later and put him through a questionnaire. Tell him to expect me, you hear? Then tomorrow you and I'll get together and sift this thing to the bottom. That's all for tonight!

. . . . .

Well, Lottie, I didn't need you should go up to the house last night after all, though I know what it must mean to you to get out socially now and then, for a girl like you who is all business and not burdened with a lot of the old S. A. don't have men running her ragged.

It was after two when I got home—the deal I had on was a tough baby which give me a lot of resistance, but which I finally put through—and the house was quiet. I slipped in and said a hasty good night to Rosetta and begun looking for David, who seemed to be nowhere abouts.

Well, Lottie, believe it or not, it was around four before he ever blew in. During the interim, and what have you, I had paced the floor, gone to bed, found it impossible to relax and got up again, finding it no simple task to retain my self-control. Finally I see him coming up the driveway *on foot*, so I throws on a dressing gown and stands waiting. I made up my mind, Lottie, to make it as tough as possible for him—to let him know he couldn't do a thing like this and get away with it. So I stood there glowering down at him, determined to give him no encouragement but force him to say the first word. He didn't see me until he was almost on me, and then he breaks into a faint smile, but don't stop his ascent upwards, and begins right in with a lot of dialogue, as calm as a cucumber.

"Well, dad," he says, "and how are you? But I don't need to ask, for you're looking as fit as a fiddle."

And being by now on the top step, which puts him on an equality with me, he slings an arm about my waist and gives me a look as if he was on the verge of kissing me.

"This is swell!" he says. "I began to think I was never going to see you. May I come in for a moment where we can have a quiet uninterrupted chat?" And he starts toward my bedroom, giving my arm a pressure like as if he expected me to follow him, which I more or less did, but still fit to be tied. Inside I give the door an awful slam, which he don't even seem to hear, for by now he has reached my genuine old Louis couch which is a real antique and is leaning over the table.

"MAY I help myself to a cigarette?" he queries, and does so without any encouragement from me, for I am still on fire over his cool attitude.

"Do sit down," he smiles at me, and waves me to one of my own chairs, while he drapes himself on the couch and gives a couple of exhales.

"Thanks," I says dryly, taking a seat with considerable grudge. "I suppose it would be too much to ask you," I went on sternly, "where you been?" If he had any cockeyed idea that he was a man just because he had been to college, though not through, I am damned well going to abuse him of it.

"We had a most delightful evening here—Lottie, mother, and I—although we did miss you terribly." And as he smiles at me again I can't help thinking, sore as I am, what a handsome man he has grown up into and how much he resembles his father.

"We kept hoping you'd drop in—Lottie said you might—but we were disappointed, though it stands to reason that a busy man like you can't often spend an evening at home."

I shot him a quick look at that to see if maybe he was making a crack, but as his liniments was practically free from insinuendo, I left it pass.

"At eleven o'clock Miss Graham—Lottie—had to take her departure, so I saw her home."

"Well," I retorts, melting somewhat, though still frigid, "it didn't take you till four o'clock to see Lottie home, I hope."

"Not quite," he replies, with a tolerant smile. "Reaching her place, Lottie asked me to come in. It may have been only an empty courtesy, but I took her at her word. She has a charming flat, small but gracious like herself. We brewed ourselves a cup of tea and, like the Walrus and the Carpenter, we talked of many things."

"They tell me," I shouts, "that you have left college without so much as a recommendation, and that you do not mean to return!"

"You are disappointed in me, I know," he says, pulling a long face and fainting sorrow—which don't fool me one bit, as I am on to an actor's tricks, and it only serves to stir up my bile.

"THE report," he goes on, still throbbing vocally, "is founded on fact. Having once said farewell, I never return. It would be a sign of gross weakness, ill becoming the only son of B. J. Hasdid."

"That's swell," I iterates. "And what about all the sacrifices I have made to give you every advantage, which you make naughts of by turning down a diploma?"

"I appreciate all your sacrifices, father," he apologizes, "but you mustn't forget that I have made some too."

"*Your* sacrifices?" I cries, torn between hysteria and indignation. "*Your* sacrifices?" I repeats, on behalf of emphasis.

"My dear father," he adds, looking like the monument of Patience which stands at Greenwich, "you seem to have forgotten that I never wanted to go to college. I wanted to see life, as you did yourself, without a lot of tiresome preliminaries. I went merely as a gesture to paternity, nothing more."

"That's swell," I says, adding a dash of sarcasm. "And what might be your plans? Or maybe I am prying into an affair which is none of my affair."

"Don't be absurd, father," he insists, blowing a couple of rings and gazing at his nails to see if they could go one more day, maybe, without a manicure.

"I came home for a very definite reason," he goes on. "To see three dear people—yourself, mother, and one other." Which couldn't have been his sister, as David don't hold Celeste in no more reverence than I do. But before I can enquire who is this number three he breaks through my thoughts with more verbage.

"After that," I hear him saying—"well, I have often heard you say that seeing the world did more than any other thing to make a man of you, and as I would like if I could to be the man my father is, I am contemplating a trip around the world."

A blow, Lottie, right at my vanity. But I am on my guard and ducks just in time.

"The hell you say!" I answers in rebuttal. "And who is to finance this novel enterprise?"

"I expect no one to finance this trip," he says, looking up at me as if I had done him an injury. "I am *working* my way," he says, plugging his verb, "and on a tramp steamer."

Well, Lottie, this more or less flabbergassed me, as it hit me unprepared or impromptu, so to speak. So I found myself mollifying somewhat, and before I realized it, I and David was chattering on an equal footage, with me unbending and offering him one of my good cigars which I don't never leave laying around.

Finally I says I don't like the idea of him going off on a tramp steamer, and why in hell don't he go like a gentleman who is my son, which I will be only too glad to give him the trip. To which he replies that I have give him enough as it is, and that he will go on his own feet or not go at all, and that if I feel I will be embarrassed by my son going off in such poor style he can go under an assumed name. And I says, the hell he will—that he will use my name or go nameless.

Well, it got to the point where we was exhausting ourselves and it was becoming daybreak, so he thanks me for giving him so much of my time and gets up to go. And I, remembering as how I had meant to read him a riot act but had ended up by behaving like I was his buddy, calls out to him as severe as I could make it:

"I don't suppose," I interrogates—"I don't suppose you have such a thing as an ambition about you?"

"Ambition?" he repeats after me like as though he'd never heard the word before. "Oh, yes, to be sure! I hope some day to be a writer." So saying, he disappears from my vision.

Well, Lottie, you can imagine the state I was left in. My son, on whom my fondest hopes were setting, with all the professions he had to choose from, with all the chance he had before him of some day maybe wearing my crown, which even though it might never fit him would still be a chaplain on his brow—my son, the zion of my house, was wishing to become a writer! Why, Lottie, I would almost rather see him wish to become an actor!

I went to bed in a daze. What had I done to deserve this fell blow? Truly, I thought as I lay there cajoling sleep, which like a bawd ever slipped from my grasp—truly the sins of the children shall be visited unto the fathers, yea, upon the third and fourth generations. Tears came into my eyes, Lottie. And then suddenly, believe it or not, I begun to laugh. Oh, blessed saving grace of humor, that grace so lacking in womankind! I begun to laugh—to think of that little so-and-so sitting there and telling me, his father, B. J. Hasdid himself, how and when and where. The nerve of him! One minute I wanted to tie him into a bowknot, and the next minute I was wanting to hug him, the little so-and-so.

So I says to myself as I lays there chuckling and shaking the old mattress like as if there was an earth tremor, "Suppose he does want to be a writer? What the hell! I'll take him right into the studio and he can start at the bottom, writing. He'll get over that crazy notion quick enough after I've put him through his paces." Baby, what an executive that little devil will make! And what a vocabulary! I shouldn't wonder if he already knows his 380 words.

You heard, Lottie, about the other day Cooper ordering his writers to stick to 380 words in all future scripts, and some one saying he was guilty of gross flattery, that there wasn't a writer in Hollywood who knows more than 300, and half of those was forbidden by the censors?

. . . . .

WELL, Lottie, to gather up the threads of our narrative, the next few years saw event following event, stride following stride, experimental effort ending in successful outcome, constant battling against terrific odds and ends, and all the while the House of Hasdid, Inc., expanding, rising tier on tier, battlement on battlement, its proud head touching the very firmament, a fit dwelling place for Job and all the other gods.

Meanwhile there was another house of Hasdid going up. As I was growing in a business way I was likewise enlarging socially, and it became vital for me to have an establishment worthy of a man of my large parts. So I built a house of twelve rooms on Sunset Boulevard, a mansion then, though it would seem but a shanty now beside my stupendous villa on Olympus Drive. Through the portals of Hasdid Hall, as I chose to christen it, passed the flower and the fruit of two continents—such notables as Elinor Glyn, Texas Guinan, Sir Gilbert Parker, Jack Dempsey, and others too numerous to mention.

Merely as a matter of record, I will state that to be seen at Hasdid Hall gave any one a static which was an open cess to social prominence. I have been told that certain shady characters who desired to be whitewashed would pay a staggering price for an invite to one of my parties.

AND right here I wish to state that Hollywood at this time was nothing like it has been painted in song and story—full of drunken auguries and this and that. Hollywood parties then was the acme of ingenerousness and never rowdy. Simple games was played, such as pussy wants a corner and hide and go seek, while others enjoyed a little stud poker or maybe a harmless cockfight. I have never seen a lady undress at any party I ever attended, and if now and then one *came* undressed, it was in the name of style and with no desire to be vulgar or vicious.

As a matter of fact those parties was generally so innockerous that couples used regularly to go off and get married just for want of something better to do, which proves that these gatherings was an influence for good, instead of vice or versa, as some has alleged.

No, Lottie. In those days Hollywood was more to be pitied than scorned, as the saying goes. Certain undesirable aliens who come there hoping to make money out of the moving picture industry and attempted to storm the social barricades, and failed to make the grade slunk back to their slums in New York and elsewhere and tried to make out that California was the land of forbidden fruits instead of the sweet garden of citrus which it has always been. All this is so much calomel against a community which today is without question the fairest jewel in the diadem of God's own country, America.

And then, Lottie, in the midst of all this, while we was enjoying "peace, peace, sweet peace, wonderful gift of God's love," there came an explosion that rocked the walls of the world.

Is it any wonder that B. J. Hasdid, torn between present sorrow over a rebellious son and memories of the days when "peace, sweet peace," departed from the world, is in a tumor? In the next installment of this frank narrative you will see Mr. Hasdid suffer a stunning surprise and you will learn that a chip off the old block sometimes falls on barren ground, etcetera.

DRINKING DRIVERS

By T. A. Burke

[EDITOR'S NOTE: This is the third of a series of short articles on the proper way to drive an automobile to avoid accidents. The articles are based on an extensive study of accident statistics.]

If you want to drive, don't drink. If you want to drink, don't drive.

Most everybody agrees that hard liquor blurs the mental faculties, dulls the senses generally, and slows down one's reaction time. Yet, strangely enough, booze often exhilarates the driver with a false sense of security and confidence in his driving ability.

The tipsy driver who is involved in an accident nearly always gets the worst of it in court. Juries forgive much, but the drunken driver usually gets scant consideration, regardless of where the blame really lies.

The motorist who goes in for hard liquor should go in a taxi. He will be much better off in the long run. In this day and age sobriety is a fundamental of safe driving.

Coroners' records everywhere tell tragic stories of tipsy drivers who saw no reason for giving up the wheel just because they had been "having a few drinks."

Another article in this series will appear in an early issue.

DR. SAMUEL MELAMET,

noted French specialist, explains:—

She had poor appetite—Felt drowsy after meals—

"Patient was growing weaker . . . I advised yeast . . . her appetite and strength returned very quickly."

Physician-in-chief of the Hospital, "Le Repos." Frequently called in consultation by other doctors on diseases of the intestines. Laureate of the Faculty of Medicine, Paris.

"HER TONGUE WAS FURRY"

"LOUISE P., 19 years old, ate hardly anything, was dejected, losing weight, always tired, slept very badly, had poor color. Case referred to me by another doctor.

"BODY FULL OF POISONS"

"I EXAMINED HER . . . made fluoroscope and X-ray tests. Found her trouble due to constipation—*even though she had evacuations every day.* I advised yeast.

"YEAST CORRECTED HER TROUBLES"

"IT WAS my only prescription. In a few weeks she had healthy color. Her weight became more normal. Her appetite improved. She was again full of energy!"

"WHEN PATIENTS SAY, 'Doctor, I feel run-down . . . I can't eat as I used to,' my first suspicion is constipation," states Dr. Mélamet, the eminent consultant on intestinal diseases, and Physician-in-Chief of the Hospital "Le Repos" in Paris.

"Such symptoms as coated tongue, bad breath, general fatigue, and broken-out skin come from sluggish intestines.

"Steady use of laxatives, I tell patients, only makes matters worse. They give *temporary* relief at the expense of weakening the intestines.

"*Yeast* is the natural way to correct constipation. The intestinal muscles are strengthened . . . waste in the body is softened, eased out of the system without strain."

Instead of giving you energy, perhaps *your* food makes you feel drowsy . . . "heavy" inside . . . causes you distress.

Perhaps your skin is blotchy, rough, broken out. Your head aches. You toss in your sleep. Then, by all means, try Fleischmann's Yeast. Eat 3 cakes a day as directed on the label.

You can get it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains. The richest of all foods in the group of three indispensable vitamins . . . B, D and G.

It has helped millions toward the happiness that goes with health. It should help *you*, too! Get some today!

EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST
VITAMINS B D G
IT IS HEALTHFUL
NRA

Works all day—has pep left over now!

"I was terribly run-down . . . had a lot of headaches, too," *writes* Miss Marthalee Grimes, *Columbus, O. (right in photo).* "I never wanted to go anywhere. Then a friend urged me to try Fleischmann's Yeast.

"It cleared the sluggishness out of my system. My appetite picked up. Now I can work all day, and still have pep at night."

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The Real Tragedy of the U. S. ARMY FLIERS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE question is being asked everywhere, "Why has the army fallen down on carrying the air mail?" It is a fact that the army has fallen down; but the Air Corps and the officers in it have not. These young men, with deficient, obsolete, and poorly serviced equipment, insufficient practice in blind and night flying and unfamiliarity with the routes, have been making up in guts what they lack in other lines.

The Army Air Corps, dominated by the General Staff, which knows nothing about flying or aëronautics, has been forced to use aircraft which, compared to what can be built today, are obsolete and inefficient. When army appropriations were cut down, in line with recent economy legislation, the Army Air Corps was forced to absorb 43 per cent of the cut for the whole army.

There is no trouble about flying an airway with modern equipment in any kind of weather; but modern equipment is something that does not exist in the United States, in or out of the services. Only a few have any conception of what it is. Each year we have told the committees of Congress, the Chief Executive, the members of the military and civil services about the conditions and necessities, and in every case up to the present time either the profiteers, who grow fat from aëronautical funds, or the armed services, with their hidebound conservatism, have prevented any change.

When I returned to America in the spring of 1919 with my staff and the principal officers in our fighting air force, these men had evolved the best fighting organization and the best system for handling it and were by far the most able body of airmen that ever existed. We expected of course that the United States would create a department of the air as every other nation had done; but the army and navy stopped it. However, from 1919 until 1925 our aëronautical prestige and position in the service made it possible for us to carry through the greatest program of the kind ever accomplished in time of peace. We demonstrated that with the equipment we had then, and over improvised airways, mail could be carried within twenty-four hours between New York and San Francisco. This led to the establishment of the air mail system. The air mail was government owned and operated until 1926.

After other achievements that are historic, in 1923 we organized the first round-the-world flight, which demonstrated that aircraft could go anywhere. By this time the opposition to our development was growing intense. The services, particularly the navy, supported by the steel, oil, and coal interests and the shipyards, were demanding that aëronautical progress be stopped. The army, daily growing more jealous, put the screws on. But more damaging than anything else, the profiteers and stock-market gamblers saw that they could reap great profits as a result of air-mail subsidies and enormous orders for aircraft, and by organizing companies and juggling their stock. They knew that as long as my group had control it would be impossible to put anything of this kind into execution; so they had to get rid of us. I was relieved from control of our air operations and development at the behest of these profiteers and service politicians.

After the terrible Shenandoah disaster, which was inexcusable, and the near tragedy of the navy planes sent from San Francisco to Hawaii without sufficient gas to

U. & U. News photo

■ Flying the very first official U. S. air mail—from Garden City to Mineola, Long Island, on Sept. 23, 1911.

It's a Ten-Year Tale of National Neglect and Commercial Profiteering, Says Their Fighting Wartime Commander—

GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL

Former Director of Military Aviation, U. S. Army

last this distance, I called the attention of the American people to the way our national defense was being wrecked by the War and Navy Departments, and recommended that a nonpartisan board be convened to investigate. The Morrow Board which President Coolidge appointed merely put Assistant Secretaries for Aviation into the Departments of War, Navy, and Commerce. An assistant secretary handled the air-mail contracts in the Post Office Department.

The Morrow Board recommended that there be no competition in bids for aircraft. According to this recommendation, a few people could go into a room, close the doors, and distribute ten or fifteen million dollars of government money among the favored few for aircraft. When it came up for enactment into law, this provision was bitterly opposed by Mr. McSwain, Democrat, present chairman of the House Military Affairs Committee, and Mr. Frank James, Republican, the former chairman. They were voted down 11 to 10, but their opposition forced a compromise, and Section 10 of the present Air Corps Act was put into effect, which provides that competitive bids shall be asked for in production orders for aircraft.

Seeing that it was impossible to do anything in the service, I resigned in February, 1926. I knew that development was again in the hands of the profiteers. This is about how they worked: A company would be organized in New York. They would ascertain that they would be awarded an air-mail contract. When this was obtained, their stock would go up and be manipulated. They would then merge with an airplane company and get a government order for airplanes. Again their stock would bounce up. Then they would merge with a producer of aëronautical motors and by the same methods get a government order for motors. These groups, controlling the making of everything for airplanes and the air-mail contracts, developed a flying personnel over which the government had no control in case of emergency.

All the while the United States government and the taxpayers were paying out huge sums of money to these people. They continually made the claim that in spite of air-mail subsidies they were not making any money, and in order to demonstrate this, they juggled the figures in their records. But they paid enormous salaries. The president of a tool-making factory who began to manufacture aëronautical motors got $170,000 per year salary. When this company was merged with the others, he got bonuses which gave him $400,000 a year. From $275 which he put into the stock of these concerns, his holdings increased so that they were at one time worth $35,000,000.

Remember, this was all done with government money. The same thing occurred with the other manipulators.

Under this arrangement the Army Air Corps was just thrown into the discard. Their experimental fund was pared so ruthlessly that they had no means of working out new types of planes, engines, or equipment. They

Acme photo

■ When the army fliers took over the mail last winter. This pilot is Capt. W. R. Taylor.

■ Wartime army planes—a squadron of the First Pursuit Group at Chateau-Thierry. Eddie Rickenbacker was one of its members.

TWA
NC 223Y
300

■ Capt. Rickenbacker leaving the air liner Douglas after flying in record time from Los Angeles to Newark the last mail before the army took charge.

U. & U. News photos

were throttled by the army and by the profiteers, and couldn't call their souls their own. *When the army imposed on the Air Corps the burden of nearly half the appropriation cut, this meant that the officers were restricted to flying only two hours each week. Practically no night flying was done, and no bad-weather flying at all.* They were put under the command of nonflying Corps Area commanders.

Can it be conceived that the people of such a country as ours would allow such a thing to happen? It might not have been so bad had these profiteers and stock-market jugglers known anything about the broader phases of aviation. But their whole idea was to make money, and because anything new in the way of engines or accessories would have necessitated new factory equipment, as little research and improvement as possible was done.

Under the Hoover administration we settled down to a period of collusion and fraud in aëronautical matters. Air-mail contracts and other juicy plums were distributed to the gang, and all aëronautical development " stayed put." Our power plants, for instance, have suffered from this neglect. The biggest airplane motor we have in this country is only 750 horse power. All other first-class countries have engines from 2,000 to 3,000 horse power.

THE actual operation of the air-mail and passenger services has been turned over to a group of civil air pilots, some 500 in number, who have unionized and boosted their wages until now some of them get from $750 to $1,000 a month, about three times what an army pilot gets.

Among the flight instruments with which these commercial ships are usually equipped are the gyroscopic artificial horizon, the turn and bank indicator, rate-of-climb meter, and other minor things. They carry two-way radio sets, and are equipped to follow a radio beam.

It may be very conservatively stated that if the Air Corps had not been stopped in its development, ships far superior to those in use on the air lines would have been flying seven years ago and all this time we would have had airplanes able to fly through any ordinary bad weather, making a speed of 350 miles per hour.

The profiteers in control of our air lines shout that we have the greatest air transportation system in the world. This is a fact. But this system was developed primarily by the airmen who came back from the war, together with other pioneers. Our airways are good. They will be our backbone in case of war. They must be constantly improved.

We have spent about one billion dollars on aëronautics in the last ten years and we have not obtained 25 per cent of what we should have. It must be said in all fairness that during this time the navy, compared to other branches, has really attempted intelligently to solve its air problem, impossible as it is. In the commercial field certain aircraft manipulators have got control of the manufacture of aircraft, engines, and accessories. They also obtained the air-mail contracts, and the huge amounts of government money paid out have been distributed among these favored few. They have throttled air development.

BUT our country has now at its head a strong President, who is unafraid and has the good of all the people foremost in his consideration, as distinguished from his immediate predecessor, who was vacillating and who believed in class privilege and monopoly.

Recently, in the exercise of his executive functions, the Postmaster-General determined that the air-mail contracts had been given out by collusion and fraud, and that they should be canceled. He so reported to the President, who ordered the Army Air Corps to carry the mail. The chief of the Air Corps immediately gave the necessary directions. *He attempted to call the commercial air-mail pilots who were reserve officers to active duty in the Army Air Corps to assist in carrying the mails.* They, however, demanded their full pay schedule, which would amount to from $750 to $1,000 a month. The army had no funds with which to pay these huge salaries. So there was a virtual lockout or strike by the civil air-mail pilots. The commercial airplanes equipped for radio-beam flying stood in their hangars. Some radio stations which had been installed by the commercial companies on the government air lines were not available for the use of the army.

Consider what this means. Here is the government paying out millions upon millions to commercial organizations, then when emergency arises, these organizations withhold all coöperation, and there is no way by which their equipment and personnel can be taken over, despite the fact that it was entirely paid for by the government.

So the Army Air *(Continued on page twenty-eight)*

■ An army plane being hastily made ready at Rockwell Field, San Diego, for use in the carrying of the mail.

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A NEW THRILL in motoring awaits you in the New Ford V-8. Never have you known a car so alert and capable, so easy to handle, so altogether satisfying in every big and little thing.

Here is a car that you drive for the sheer joy of driving. Silken power answers the touch of a toe — the luxurious comfort of an easy chair invites you to lean back and enjoy every minute of the way.

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LONDON, CANADA

Put Your Best Foot Forward

(Continued from page twenty-six) Corps finds itself with the problem of carrying the mail; not a difficult proposition—in fact a very easy one compared to any phase of war flying, *if they had the equipment and training.*

Their flying has been so restricted that they have been unable to familiarize themselves with instrument flying as they should have, or to learn the air routes. The Air Corps has had no radio-beam instruments to amount to anything, and their two-way radio sets are very poor; in fact, they have had to improvise sets. They have had to fly in open-cockpit ships, little better than those used during the war. The only ones fast enough to keep to some of the schedules are the single-seater pursuit ships that make about 175 miles per hour, not half the speed they should have. These have to be used on night runs. They are overloaded with necessary equipment and extra gas, besides the mail. Overloading increases their stalling speed from sixty-five to eighty-five miles per hour. The Air Corps airplane motors, inferior to start with, are in bad shape; more than half are in urgent need of overhauling.

Through constant flying over the same terrain, the air-mail pilots have developed a familiarity with every object along the route, so that if they get a momentary glimpse they can orient themselves. Such was the case with our men during the war. But just now the Air Corps pilots have not had this experience and practice.

All this idle talk going around about there being different kinds of flying technique for war and for commerce is foolish. The basic things are the same.

On the day that the Air Corps took over the air-mail job, one of the greatest series of storms in our history burst over the country, and these trying weather conditions were to continue. But in spite of this the army airmen have carried on with their inadequate equipment in such a manner as nobody else in the world could or would do. They have delivered the mail on schedule. Outside of actual war, it is one of the greatest exhibitions of American ability and courage ever given. It is also a demonstration of the criminal neglect to which our air development has been subjected.

WHAT we need is a separate and independent department of aëronautics, just as every other first-class country in the world has—a department completely removed from the machinations of profiteers and scheming politicians.

There is no other remedy. We can easily have the greatest, most efficient, and most economical air organization in the world. There are plenty of honest aircraft manufacturers in this country, there are honest air-line operators, and there are conscientious men in and out of the services who wish to see our country's air power developed. These should be helped and assisted in every proper way, but until we get a special organization for aëronautics it will be impossible to accomplish this.

Every element of the nation's air power must be hooked up together. The only reason certain groups seek to keep it separated is for profiteering purposes. The more the overlapping of government agencies, the more money is required to be spent. I am strongly of the opinion that if we cannot bring these various elements concerned in our aëronautical development under proper control, the whole matter should be taken over by the government and operated as a government monopoly.

At this writing a bill has just passed the House of Representatives which will give the Army Air Corps a small increase in funds and emoluments for flying the air mail. This authorization is for a total period of one year, until some other permanent arrangement can be made. It is only a stop-gap. In the meantime the Army Air Corps will carry the mail!

EDITOR'S NOTE: President Roosevelt's action to assure safety for the army fliers, resulting in a temporary suspension of air-mail service, and his move for return of the air mails to private carriers on a new basis, happened after this article was written. The news of both arrived as this issue of Liberty was being printed.

THE END

TO THE LADIES!

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

LOTTE LEHMANN

LOTTE LEHMANN is a born actress as well as a fine singer. Singing the opera Intermezzo, she had to act the part of a terrific shrew. Her personal maid (who has been with her for ten years) took another girl to hear Intermezzo. Afterward the other girl said to Miss Lehmann's maid, "You mustn't work for such a devil of a woman! I'll get you a different job."

It was hard to persuade the other girl that Miss Lehmann merely had been acting, and that her maid would not think of taking another job.

Lotte Lehmann comes from Vienna. I asked her how the lovely Viennese songs originate. She said, "Our wine and our music have the same source. They both come from our *Heurigen-Ausschank*—our little public gardens in the suburbs of Vienna—where we go every year in early autumn to taste the new vintage and hear the new songs."

In Vienna, she tells me, everybody sings. During the Beethoven Festival the whole town hummed Beethoven tunes to itself at work and at play. This season Franz Lehar's light opera Judith has been the popular hit.

Singers do best in their native language, Miss Lehmann believes. English songs are sometimes tongue twisters to her. One English song has a line in it that always trips her. The line is, "Only of us the whole world's thoughts can be."

That *is* a twister. Try it on your own windpipe.

★ A friend who lives in a city apartment showed me a small room equipped with a brand-new carpenter's bench and tools. "A surprise for my husband," she said. "Today is his birthday."

For years, she explained, her husband has envied men who live out of town, with room enough to putter at a workbench of their own. But business obliges him to dwell in the city. At first I thought to myself that his wife's birthday notion was a little cracked. Her husband is by no means a young man. It seemed likely to me that he wouldn't really get much pleasure out of taking up amateur carpentry at his age.

On second thought I changed my mind. I remembered how my father enjoyed the same hobby all his life. And I recalled the wistful glances I have seen cast by city men at the windows of hardware stores where workbenches, hammers, chisels, planers, saws, etc., are alluringly displayed. City life can be desperately cramping for men, young or old, who yearn to work with their hands.

Results have proved the wisdom of my friend's birthday present. It has brought her husband hours of happiness. He puts together bookshelves, cupboards, and what not, all a trifle cockeyed in construction, but every bit his own handiwork.

★ In every department store I see dozens of women buying wineglasses—women buying dozens of wineglasses. I hear them ask questions. They want to know what shape a claret glass should be, or a sherry glass, or a glass for port, or champagne, or moselle. They inquire about cocktail glasses, cordial glasses, highball glasses. Clerks would be swamped by questioning customers if it were not for the big glass companies. They have all put out sound little textbooks showing the proper type of glass for the different wines. Stores give these pamphlets away. You'd better get one. And I advise you to select glasses of the simple classic shapes used in France. They are always good.

★ A *screen test* for your finery is the latest German trick. A smart jeweler started it. He had prospective lady customers photographed in this piece or that piece of jewelry, so they could take the picture home and study the effect at their leisure. The stunt will also be used by furriers, I understand—perhaps even by milliners and dressmakers.

★ An amusing new novel is His First Million Women, by George Weston. (Published by Farrar & Rinehart.)

★ Have you ever tasted our Russian *pilmeni?* They somewhat resemble the Italian *ravioli,* but are more savory and, well—different! Make them like this:

For the filling use cold minced ham or veal, cooked and highly spiced. For the pastry proceed as follows:

Into 1 cup thick sour cream stir 2 whole eggs, ½ teaspoon soda dissolved in a little lukewarm water, and enough sifted bread flour to make a soft dough. Knead lightly. Roll to ⅛-inch thickness. Cut into 3-inch squares.

Heap a full teaspoon of the meat filling on one side of each square. Fold the dough over, wet the edges, and see that the envelopes are well sealed. Drop your *pilmeni,* a few at a time, into fast-boiling water, strongly salted. Cook them 3 or 4 minutes. Remove with a strainer and send to table on a very hot plate. Serve drawn butter and chopped parsley on the side.

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND AUTHORITY ON FASHION

MIRTH, MYS

Miss Colbert and Mr. Al Jolson as a Robert Montgomery in a Pair of

By BEVERLY

Clark Gable, the reporter, and Claudette Colbert, the runaway heiress, in the film It Happened One Night

Dolores Del Rio and Dick Powell in a scene from Wonder Bar, with Al Jolson playing the cabaret owner

READING TIME
7 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★★ IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert, Walter Connolly, Roscoe Karns, Jameson Thomas, Alan Hale, Ward Bond, Eddie Chandler, Wallis Clark, Harry Bradley, Charlie Brown, Harry Holman, Maidel Turner, Arthur Hoyt, Blanche Frederici, Irving Bacon, Charles C. Wilson, Harry Todd. Directed by Frank Capra.

THIS picture contains so much material that has been badly handled before that to explain what it is about would inevitably make it sound like a blurred copy of half a dozen of the poorer productions of the past two years. It is, on the contrary, for reasons that can best be ascertained by seeing it, one of the most entertaining comedies of the season.

The plot has to do with a hard-drinking, irresponsible reporter (Clark Gable); an heiress (Claudette Colbert) who jumps off her father's yacht in the effort to elope with her aviator fiancé; and a bus ride from Miami to Manhattan. It sounds incredible that with these ingredients It Happened One Night could be an entirely fresh and underivative narrative. It is exactly that.

The romance between the girl and the reporter—they make friends on the bus and ride North together, sleeping in tourist camps, hitching rides or stealing cars when they run out of money—is developed with a running fire of comic incidents that are without exception apt, quick, and observant. Through them the story reaches a climax that is at once improbable and entirely plausible.

Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert give what to this department seem their most engaging performances to date. Walter Connolly is as expert as usual. The dialogue by Robert Riskin is first-rate. None the less, It Happened One Night is probably, if the phrase means anything at all, a director's picture. Frank Capra—he did the same thing in Lady for a Day—has the knack of making you believe in a story by telling it as though he expected you not to. Instead of building his situations up to their punch lines, he throws them away. With the kind of situations he had to work with in It Happened One Night, this has the effect of doubling their impact.

An extraordinarily funny sequence is based on no more than Clark Gable's efforts to swap a suitcase for a tankful of gasoline. Another depends on the way Claudette Colbert looks at Gable when he is eating a raw carrot. Regardless of how Capra gets his effects, It Happened One Night is a picture you are sure to like. Good shot: passengers on the bus singing The Man on the Flying Trapeze.

★★★½ WONDER BAR

THE PLAYERS: Dick Powell, Al Jolson, Ricardo Cortez, Kay Francis, Dolores Del Rio, Hugh Herbert, Guy Kibbee, Ruth Donnelly, Fifi d'Orsay, Hal LeRoy. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.

Wonder Bar can be described most readily as Grand Hotel with music. All your old pals of the one-room-and-pathos school of melodrama are on hand again: the lady (Kay Francis) who is bored with her husband; the dancer (Dolores Del Rio) whose partner (Ricardo Cortez) is a rat; the two tired business men (Hugh Herbert and Guy Kibbee) who are trying to get rid of their wives; the impoverished nobleman who wants to attract as much attention as possible before he commits suicide. In addition to all these there is Al Jolson as the eccentric proprietor of the Wonder Bar Cabaret, in which the action of the picture takes place.

You may or may not like Al Jolson, but his method of putting over a song has at least the advantage of such sincerity as would make a Mississippi revival meeting sound like the seminary choir rehearsing an anthem for a Wednesday-afternoon vespers. This emphasis seems a little misplaced when expended on such a composition as his greeting to his patrons in Wonder Bar, a number which would have surely been a smash in the days when college glee clubs wore peg-top pants. It makes better sense when applied to a good tune like Goin' to Heaven on a Mule. Jolson's opinion of Goin' to Heaven on a Mule is, " There's been nothing like it in pictures. Nothing. It's beautiful, really beautiful! "

This may be a slight exaggeration, but it *is* a good song.

As to the dances in Wonder Bar, the novelty, if there is one, consists of a panel of mirrors and a double-decked roulette-wheel floor. This has the effect of making a 200-unit chorus look like one of those newsreel shots of 50,000 Russian factory girls doing their spring deep-breathing exercises in the Yankee Stadium at Moscow. On the other hand, it probably cuts down production costs, and unless it contradicts something in the NRA code for chorus girls, its use in Wonder Bar is advantageous.

MUSIC, TERY

Ruth Chatterton and Adolphe Menjou in the leading roles in a parlor drama—The Journal of a Crime

Gable at Their Best; Cabaret Owner; and Ruth Chatterton Sinister Adventures

HILLS

The Mystery of Mr. X shows a thief seeking a killer. Robert Montgomery and Elizabeth Allan play the leads

★★★ THE MYSTERY OF MR. X

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Elizabeth Allan, Lewis Stone, Ralph Forbes, Henry Stephenson, Forrester Harvey, Ivan Simpson, Leonard Mudie, Alec B. Francis, Charles Irwin. Directed by Edgar Selwyn.

This picture starts with the following situation: an aristocratic cracksman steals a diamond the size of a lamb chop at the inopportune moment when a homicidal maniac in the street outside is stabbing a policeman. The thief's efforts to evade being arrested for murder cause him to try to find the real murderer; his efforts to find the real murderer cause him to make friends with the daughter of the inspector of Scotland Yard.

Robert Montgomery gives his usual performance; the part fits perfectly. Cleverly put together, smoothly directed and acted by a 200-watt cast, The Mystery of Mr. X amounts to one of the year's most satisfactory cop-and-robber fantasies. It is fast, preposterous, gruesome, and polite.

★★½ THE JOURNAL OF A CRIME

THE PLAYERS: Ruth Chatterton, Adolphe Menjou, George Barbier, Philip Reed, Claire Dodd, Henry O'Neill, Edward McWade, Frank Reicher, Henry Kolker, Leila Bennett, Noel Madison, Frank Darien, Olaf Hytten, Walter Pidgeon, Clay Clement, Douglas Dumbrille. Directed by William Keighley.

The predicament of Ruth Chatterton is beginning, so far as this department is concerned, to be something of a bore. The Journal of a Crime is better than most of her recent pictures, which apparently resulted from some one's delusion that Miss Chatterton was really Clara Bow with Park Avenue sound. None the less, it is nothing to cheer about—a slow-moving parlor melodrama in which the heroine is a lady who shoots her husband's mistress and then goes into a slow decline because she finds it difficult to bring herself to tell the Paris equivalent of a district attorney what she has been up to.

The truth of the matter seems to be that Warner Brothers have apparently no one capable of writing, directing, or producing Ruth Chatterton's kind of picture, whatever that kind is. It would be hard to think of any one else playing the lead in The Journal of a Crime, and this may have been an adequate reason for giving the rôle to an actress whose capabilities make her almost as much of a problem as Ann Harding. It seems to this department—with apologies to all concerned if the picture is a hit—that it might have been an even better reason for not producing it at all.

SCREEN COMMENT

Toward the beginning of April, appropriately enough, the major producing companies in Hollywood release lists of the pictures they plan to make during the next twelve months. Most of these pictures are never made, which is possibly to the advantage of all concerned. However, since no producer has yet obliged the public by openly publishing a catalogue of the items which he intends to omit from his production schedule, this department is prepared to offer suggestions for one as follows:

Pictures that start with panorama shots of Paris—beginning with the Eiffel Tower, narrowing down to traffic on the Champs Elysées, and winding up with a close-up of a bathroom window through which the heroine can be seen.

Sequences in which the word "nuts" is employed for comic effect.

Dance directors, children who call their female parents "Mumsie," Broadway columnists, bus drivers, the bird that sounds like a peanut whistle in all jungle pictures.

Announcers who use the phrase "And I don't mean maybe." Also, other announcers.

Short subjects about harmonizing sisters, female torch singers under the age of nine, tap dancers, and children's bands.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Lost Patrol, Little Women, The Bowery, The Private Life of Henry VIII, Bitter Sweet, The Power and the Glory.

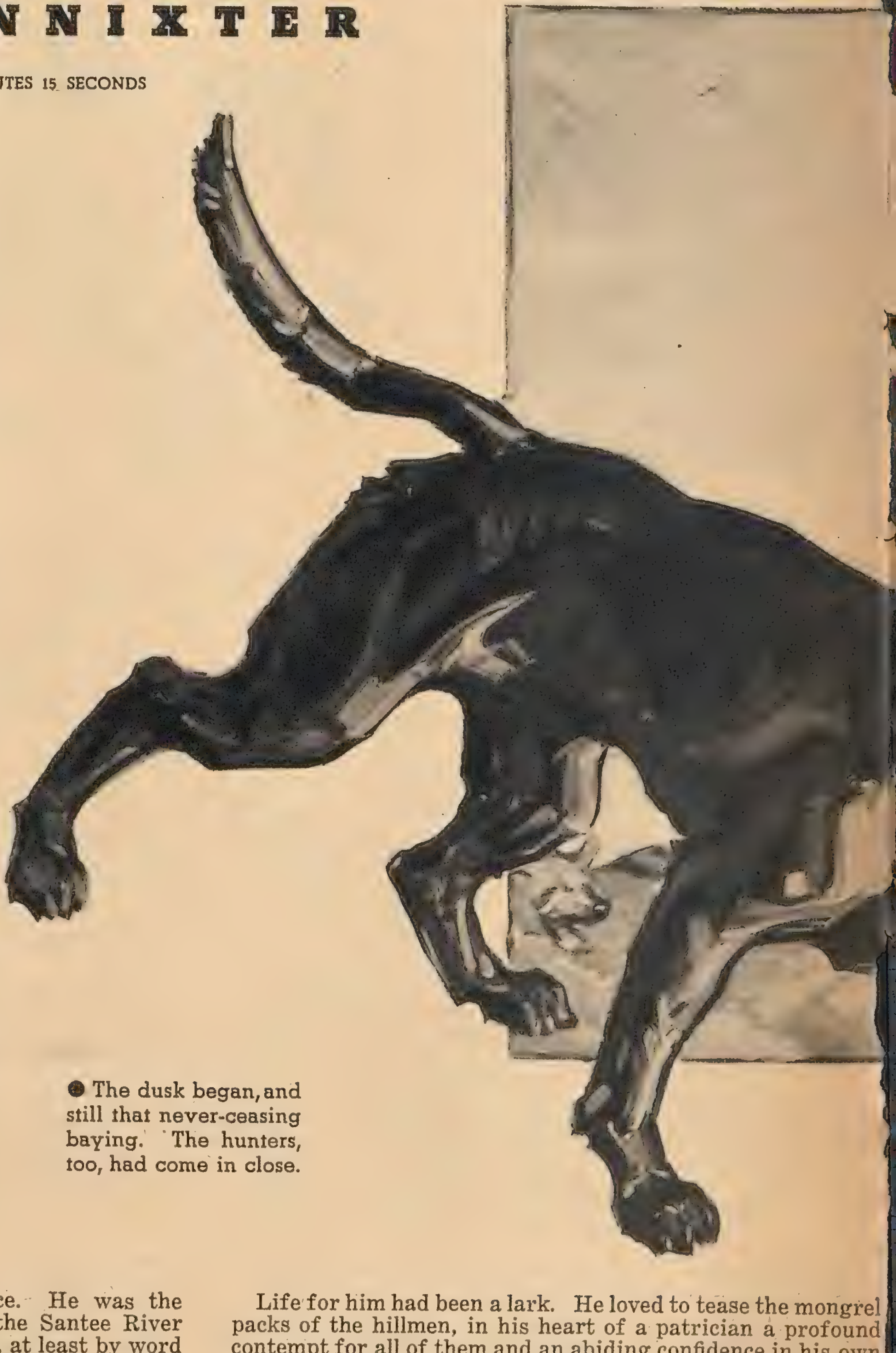
★★★—Carolina, The Cat and the Fiddle, Catherine the Great, I've Got Your Number, Nana, Four Frightened People, Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen, Massacre, Moulin Rouge, Hi, Nellie, Fashions of 1934, Lady Killer, Man of Two Worlds, Queen Christina, Alice in Wonderland, Flying Down to Rio, The Women in His Life, Gallant Lady, Roman Scandals, Counsellor-at-Law, Dancing Lady, Eskimo Wife Traders, Design for Living, The Invisible Man, Only Yesterday, The Prizefighter and the Lady, Duck Soup, Cradle Song, Man's Castle, College Coach, Blonde Bombshell, The Way to Love, I'm No Angel, Take a Chance, Tillie and Gus, Ann Vickers, Footlight Parade, The Solitaire Man, S O S Iceberg, Wild Boys of the Road, The Emperor Jones, Too Much Harmony, My Weakness, I Loved a Woman, Torch Singer, Bureau of Missing Persons.

OLD BANDIT

In Which the Wiliest of Foxes and the Wisest of Dogs Meet in a Thrilling Duel of Cunning and Courage . . . . . It's a Great Story!

by PAUL ANNIXTER

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 15 SECONDS



● The dusk began, and still that never-ceasing baying. The hunters, too, had come in close.

ONE spring morning Bandit, the old red fox of the Santee River country, lay in the couchlike crotch of a fallen sweet-gum tree. His sharp chin rested on his paws, his eyes were closed, and he looked like a reddish burr caught in the arching limb. He was asleep there in the fine spring sunlight, but the breeze that blew up from the river woods stroked his nose, and that nose, second to none in all the wild, was as keenly at work as ever it was when its owner cruised the woods. Likewise the sharp cocked ears.

It was just the right sort of weather for an old dog fox to cover ten or twelve miles of rock and scrub and alder vale for a spring census-taking, and such a foray old Bandit meant to make when he had made up for the swift-moving night of raiding just passed. The spirit of romance was keen in his blood these days, and somewhere out there among the pine-clad hills or in the depths of the swamp woods an unknown mate awaited him.

All winter he had made his trails alone and snarled at the approach of any of his clan; but with the first scent of new green and fresh mold that rides the March breezes, old habits are forgotten and trails and runways are a-patter with many feet scurrying on the errands of spring.

For many years Bandit had denned peacefully in a sumptuous stronghold of many corridors, dug deep into the hill by more than a century of fox generations. Here he might have slept in utter safety, but he eschewed the aches of den damp with encroaching years, and craved the sun.

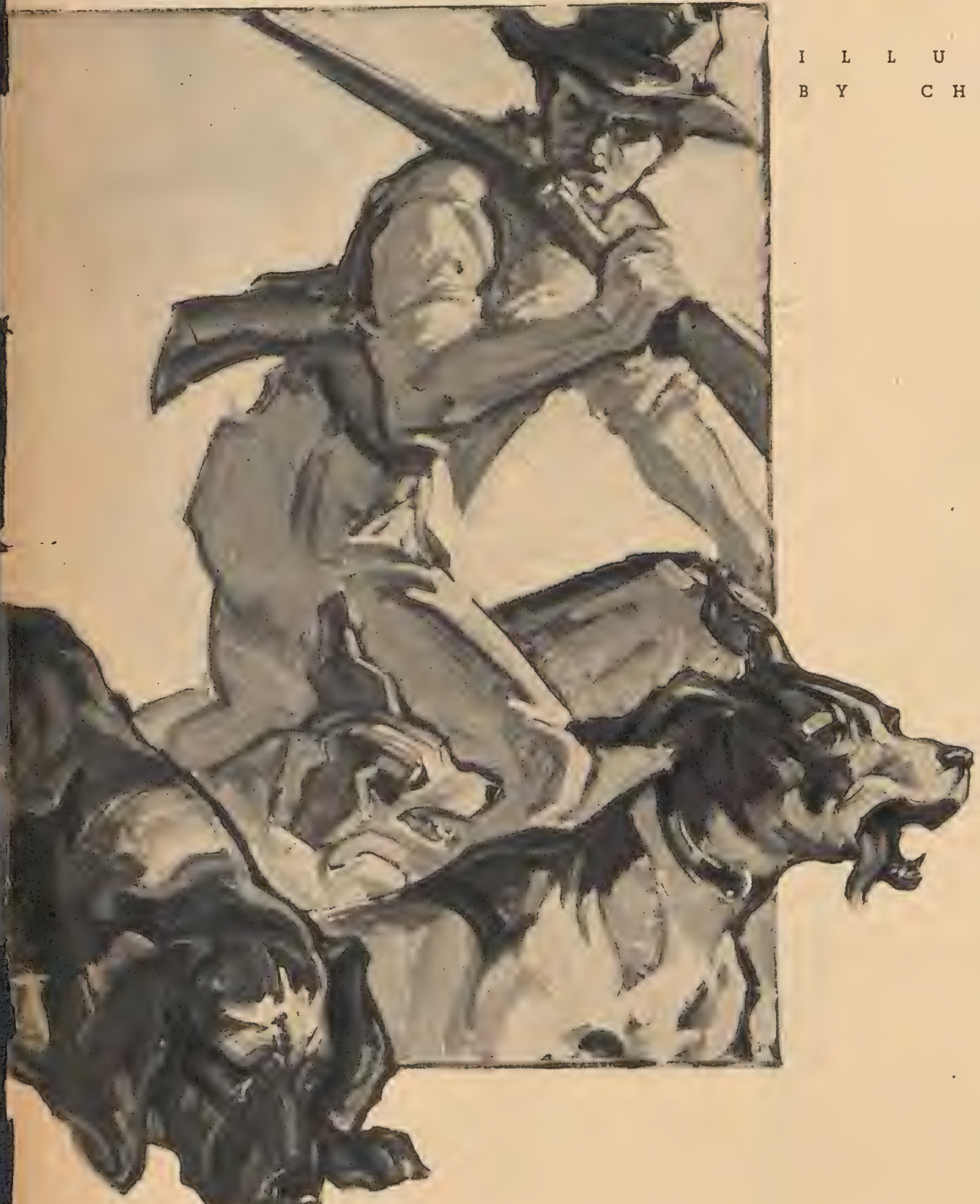
He was a splendid specimen of his kind, with a rich ruddy pelt that made golden streaks across the hills as he pursued his prey. His dainty feet and legs were coal-black, his brush was a magnificent vanity, almost sweeping the ground, he had a deep chest, splendid speed, and eyes that fairly snapped with intelligence. He was the largest and certainly the wisest dog fox the Santee River country had ever known, and he was known, at least by word of mouth, to every one in the four northern counties. Time and again hunters had matched their wits against him, only to lose. And year by year the old fox waxed a bit bolder and wilier.

Life for him had been a lark. He loved to tease the mongrel packs of the hillmen, in his heart of a patrician a profound contempt for all of them and an abiding confidence in his own superior wit, his knowledge of the dim and difficult ways they could not follow. His tricks were legion—a new wrinkle for each occasion.

The other foxes of the region had suffered heavily under

and BLAZE FACE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES DE FEO



the continuous hunting. In two years the foolish grays had been all but exterminated in the region, and the reds were thinning fast. Bandit's favorite mate had fallen to the hillmen, likewise his two sons, who, young and conceited, had tried to emulate their father's example and devil the packs at close range. Without his leathery lungs and seasoned wile they had in the end been holed in the rocks and done to death.

And then a new hound had come into the region, old Blaze Face, the true fox-teller, slow but a faultless tracker, owned by Whit Turner of Alderside. Blaze Face, a crossbred coon hound, named for a light-cream patch across his dark-brown head, who had been Bandit's special enemy for the past year and who had come to constitute his particular and specific Nemesis.

AN old hound, this Blaze Face, his seamed and lop-eared face scarred by many battles, his sprung joints and gnarled and broken nails giving mute testimony to the endless trails he had traveled. Slow and lumbering he was on the run, his eyes small and red and weak—all his other senses subordinated to his nose. But that nose was the coldest that had ever run the Iron Mountain fox trails, and knew no other smell once it was laid to a track. The track might be hours, even days old, but Blaze Face would follow relentlessly. As schooled he was in his side of the game as Bandit was in his; the one dog in the region Bandit really feared.

Twice in the past six months he had run Bandit's trail, unraveling the twists and turns for a younger, swifter pack. The last hunt had been but a week before.

About nine thirty that morning Bandit's sleep abruptly ended. His ears pricked straight up and his eyes opened, though he did not move otherwise. A faint long-drawn sound that started echoes along the hillside had come to him on the breeze. A wailing note at first, broken through by deep-toned bellows, booming and sinister. The trailing chorus of a dog pack. And somewhere behind the dogs were men.

Bandit sat up. He had been expecting another hunt for days; it was quite in order after his many chicken raids on the settlement farms.

Nearer came the hound chorus. He could hear the high eager babble of the younger dogs, running well to the fore.

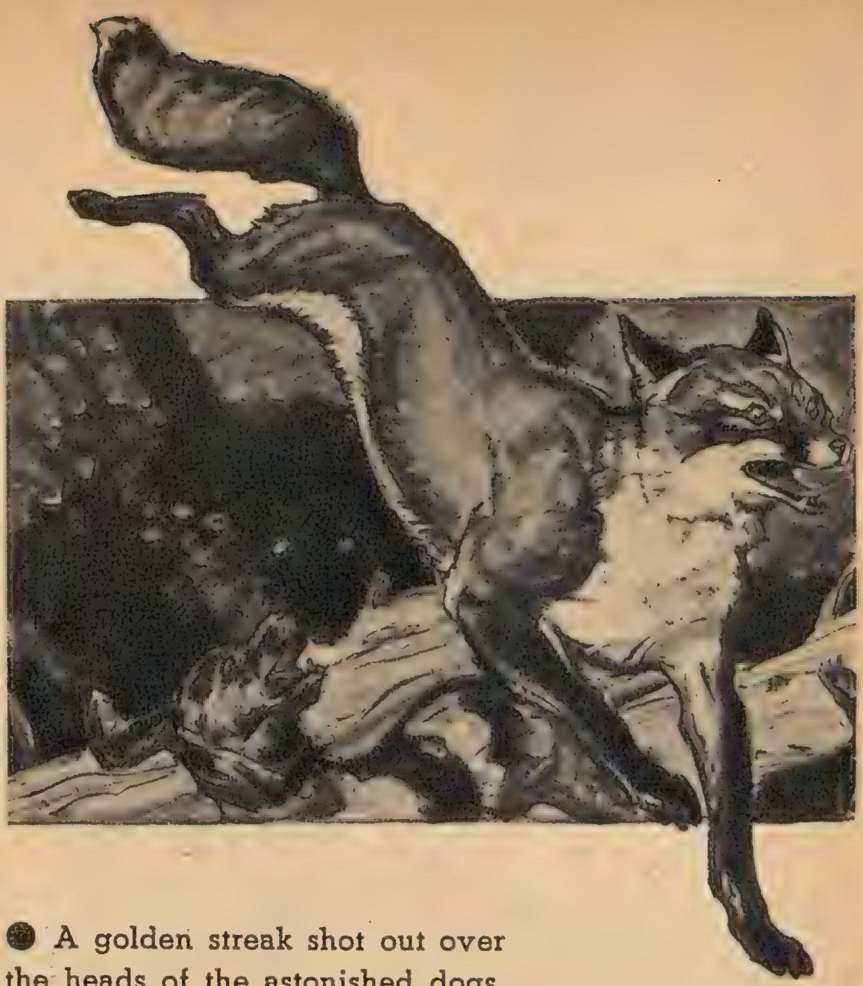
The sounds would burst out clear and sharp as the pack crossed the rim of a hill, then sink to a murmur as they crossed some hidden swale. A good mile away.

Quite possibly it was his trail they were on. He was the fox that had shamed them most, made fools of dogs and men. Besides, Bandit had felt something wrong with his vague fox sense which men called instinct.

What was that? Silence. They had lost the scent for the time being. The young and blustering mouths were stilled. Then one voice finally took up the cry, a deep belling *Oowahh, oowahh.* Old Blaze Face. How Bandit instinctively hated the very sound of it! Somehow it made the hair on his back stand erect. Then the rest, full cry again along the swamp trail. Anxiety was just beneath the cloak of his self-confidence now, yet no pack had ever yet filled his heart with actual fear.

HE made off down the hill, a golden streak amid the brush. He was heading directly toward the swamp and the oncoming hounds, looking sharply about for strategic aids as he went. Through the blue spruce at the edge of the swamp, where the big white hares passed like gray ghosts in the thick shadows, he slipped, and dove into a faint cane-lined alleyway he knew. Twenty-five minutes later he had maneuvered well behind the dogs by a winding trail that led through foot-deep water. This was only one of many ways Bandit knew of hindering a pack, but at present there was no great need of exerting his wits.

Still smiling and lolling his tongue, he sat listening to the hue and cry as the dogs churned about the bed he had left. Then hoarse bellows told that the pack had picked up the fresh trail. The cries became an unearthly hellish outburst of sound as all pursued once more in full cry. But in less than half an hour he had them guessing again. The short frenzied yaps that meant fresh trail were silenced, and only a broken clamor rose from time to time from the younger dogs, whose tongues were keyed to their emotions and lied more than half the time. Bandit knew them all, recognized them one after another by their voices—the two lumbering coon dogs, the locally bred foxhound Lucy, the big Airedale Toby. He paid no heed to these; he waited for the voice of Blaze Face, now silent.



● A golden streak shot out over the heads of the astonished dogs.

He heard it presently, deep bugle notes. No lie nor indecision there. Time for a new trick. Up out of the swamp land Bandit streaked, threading a laurel slashing toward dry stony ridges which would not hold foot scent so long. He swerved to the west toward a high rocky meadow from which the strong odor of sheep came to his sharp nose. Old Jeff Keyser's flock, more than a hundred head, were stampeded from their browsing a few minutes later by a reddish dog-like animal that leaped upon the stone wall at the pasture edge, ran it for fifty feet, and sprang well out into their crowded midst. As the sheep rushed headlong across the pasture, the old fox ran nimbly in their midst, weaving in and out, knowing that his own faint scent trail would be almost entirely obliterated by the pungent odor of the fold.

Then he made straight for Bee Rock, a great flat promontory two hundred yards above. Straight past the rock he ran for a hundred yards, then returned in his own tracks to the base, sprang to the top of the rock. From there he took a long leap out and downward to one side so that he cleared twenty feet or more before he landed in thick laurel and brier. Then off along the mountainside he streaked. Both ruses he had worked out deliberately within the span of ten minutes, and yet there are those who maintain that animals are incapable of thinking.

SUCH tricks would have baffled any ordinary pack, but old Blaze Face would work them out, he knew. However, there was time now to rest and figure. He headed for a distant earth he had adapted for himself years ago, remodeled from the demolished stronghold of another dog fox that had been dug out. He did not hurry and frequently sat down, red tongue dripping sweat, ears pricked for news from the rear. It would take time to untangle the snarls he had left, but somewhat later he looked down from a high rocky cattle path and made out old Blaze Face working the puzzle out in his own wonderful way, swinging out in ever-widening circles while the young dogs milled about, noses to the ground, sterns a-waver. Then the hounds' chorus swelled again.

Bandit did not know that the original pack had been strengthened by two new and experienced dogs; and that Whit Turner and four other hunters—all long-suffering poultrymen—were behind the pack, bent on reparation, if the hunt continued for two days. But he did know

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instinctively that he was in for a bitter fight that would take all his wile and strength of thew to win. The whole forest world was on edge by now. He passed Wizzle, the old possum of Pelham Wood, chattering dry gnomelike curses as he swarmed up a tree, fully believing his last hour had come.

Noon—and the pack was closer. The two new dogs were a menacing addition to the hunt. Besides this, dogs from all the surrounding country were coming in to join the chase. Bandit was a bit worried by now. Unknown to him, a younger fox, a compatriot of his, less schooled and wary, had been holed and killed. The hunters were not particularly interested in the young fox. He was not the infamous Bandit and meant little one way or another.

IN the early afternoon the old fox led the chase straight up the mountain, choosing the steepest and rockiest gullies to the crest. Those old dogs, he saw, could not be deceived for an instant on the trail, but this high country would be ideal to his aim, which was to tear the heart out of the belling gang behind, and to lame them and tear their pads on flint and rubble. Once on the peak, Bandit ran round and round the flat summit. Twice he leaped down the slope a ways, returning carefully in his own tracks. Then he lay resting as he watched the dogs laboring up the gully below, fairly shaking the ground with their outcry. Thirteen of them now—and there, like specks, far down at the forest edge the hunters moved.

He waited till the dogs had almost gained the summit, then dropped down another gully and heard them raging about the peak. Some of the younger dogs were fooled by the false trails he had left, and were away down the mountain. Good! Perhaps he had outwitted them at last. But no. *Oowahh, Oowahh,* the long quavering wail of Blaze Face drew them back. The whole pack answered and were on his fresh trail again.

So far, Bandit had been feeling strong; but uneasiness was growing on him. Mid-afternoon heat was telling on him after his long run. But he must go on and on.

Down into the river woods again, to lay a tangled trail among ponds, sloughs, and matted jungle. Then to an amphibious spot of down-timber where sunlight never filtered and fat fungi and umbrella toadstools grew in profusion amid the rotting logs. Through the thick of these he ran and circled, raising a mist of dry impalpable dust. Long ago he had discovered by chance that the taint of the fungi hovered in a belt about such spots and overpowered the scent of any animal that entered its radius. Half a dozen foxes might have sat in the middle of that area and not been smelt.

Near by was an ancient oak, long dead, hollow and half barkless, but still standing. Along its hollow trunk

Sing away!
Smoke away!

Who cares? You can still keep a fresh, cool mouth

When many songs lead to many smokes . . . Spuds lead to a clean, cool taste. Try them!

Why are Spuds so cool? Does menthol *in the smoke* make Spuds taste cooler? Not at all. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by merely lowering the temperature of the smoke. So what you get from Spud is pure tobacco flavor . . . *with the heat taken out.* And what a difference that makes . . . in keeping your mouth cool and fresh!

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clear up to the bare and sapless branches the tough leathery fungi grew in profusion. Into an opening at the base of the great trunk Bandit slipped with an air of complete familiarity, and a minute later the old fox might have been seen peering from another shadowy hole near the top of the tree. Here even old Blaze Face's nose would be powerless; the dogs would come to a standstill. Only human ingenuity could discover him.

He waited, trembling a bit, till the pack came stringing up, stopped, and swarmed in a many-colored wheel, nose-hubbed with feathering sterns about the fungus patch. The trail cry broke to a disrupted babble as the young dogs yelped their perplexity over the suddenly vanished scent. Back and forth and round and round they wove, coughing over dust of wood rot and puffball. Not a hound thought of glancing up.

Up above Bandit ventured to thrust forth his nose from the hole to peer—and grin. And that was his undoing. For one of the hunters, Lem Sproal, who had lagged far behind, had taken advantage of the last shift in the chase to cut across country and overtake the pack. Fifty yards away, moving silently over the spongy ground, he stopped dead in his tracks with an ejaculation that will bear no recording. He had just seen the pointed mask of the old fox protrude from the hole in the dead tree. Came a report, the ping of a shot that clipped rufous hairs from Bandit's ruff, but left him unscathed. The pack roared in fresh confusion at that. Then, as Lem ran forward thinking the quarry cornered, a golden streak shot out over the heads of the astonished dogs, almost grazing the back of one, and an instant later the woods had wrapped Bandit up again.

With a roar the dogs were off, but Lem was still there when the other men came up. He swore that the fox had sprung out twenty-two feet over the heads of the pack, and he showed the deep neat imprints in the mold to prove it.

Desperate now, Bandit simply ran, though he was already far gone. He had strained himself to the utmost in executing his strategies, while the pack, relying on their noses, had taken a normal pace.

From that time on old Bandit labored on through a hell of a thousand years. All the rest of that long hot afternoon he ran in actual fear and growing misery. Sometimes he would follow a creek bed for a ways, or dive through deep thickets where tangled brier would lacerate the tender hide of his short-coated followers. But a respite of a few minutes did not rest him now. He would stiffen in the muscles at the first bit of inaction. His body would flounder, leap, and roll without apparent reason as he started on again, from the numbness creeping up his legs.

Down into the gloom of the swamp again, drawn by scent of water, for his fine coat was plastered brown with sweat by now, his tongue lolled far out and slavered over his grinder teeth. Down through alder, cane, and sedge, to pause belly down to lap and wallow in the muddy water.

He had never been in worse distress. His heated blood beat in a sickening pain against the base of his brain; his soaked brush drooped with the weight of mud clinging to it. He thought of his home den amid high rocks, but gave up the idea of reaching it. If he did, the world would be howling about his walls in no time. There would be pick and shovel and smoke and hounds' claws to unearth him. The whole region was forbidden ground to him now, for he could not hope to weather such another ordeal as this. Old Blaze Face and his pack were too trail-wise to be beguiled again. They could not be deceived even for a moment. They would figure out every artifice of his before he could execute it. If he escaped at all it must be to new territory.

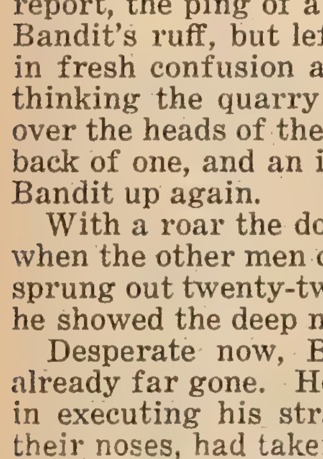
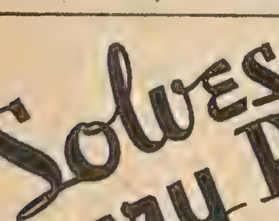
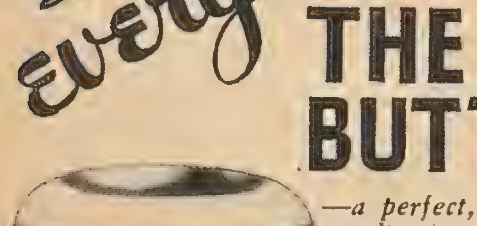
FIVE o'clock found the hounds less than two hundred yards to the rear. Bandit mired in a swampy pond and was so weak he could scarcely climb out. Only by seizing a vine in his teeth did he manage to heave himself free, to find the dogs but a hundred yards behind. Too gone to shake himself, the old fox stood still, with lowered head and mouth opened in a grin of pain instead of craft, until the dogs came in view. It looked as if he were done and would face them there, but the water had refreshed him a bit. Away he streaked, and the tired hounds had a turn in the mire.

The long dusk began, and still that never-ceasing bay behind. Red mists swam before the old fox's eyes. Times he would lapse into complete unconsciousness while still struggling on. He could not hold out much longer, and the dogs knew it. The hunters knew too; they had come in close in the past hour, and now and then Bandit heard a shout as one of them signaled to another. Startled birds voiced their protests as the old fox floundered through the thickets. The red fierce eyes of a mink glared at him from a hollow tree, listened to the hoarse mouthings of the dogs, and flicked from sight again.

Down in the south heat lightning flamed above a low bank of clouds. There was a smell of rain in the air, but it would not come for an hour or two. Too late to blot out Bandit's trail. Too late to save him. Down toward the river the chase led. Had he been fresh he might have swum the stream. But the river was wide and he was too far gone. Folly to think of.

As he reached the stream bank a hunter emerged simultaneously from the edge of the woods and stood peering. Bandit dodged back and the dusk saved him. One more double and he was behind the groping hunter. He slid down the muddy bank to water. As he bent to lap stiffly, he fell forward into the stream from sheer exhaustion. He paddled against its flow for a few strokes, then gave up and drifted with the current. It bore him slowly downstream, and he lapped as he floated. In his great fatigue he gave himself over, decided to struggle no more, just to drift forever in the cool waters. The hounds might tear and eat him if they would. Then the splashing and panting of thirteen dogs less than two hundred feet upstream roused him, and fear returned, fresh will to live.

He sank until only the black tip of his nose protruded. He heard with joy retreating whimpers among the thickets, and softly paddled. The deepening dusk was with him. Then a shadow came running downstream and spoke of the scent of Bandit at the spot he had entered the water. Blaze Face the faultless! Hunting cries

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from twelve splashing hounds gave answer. Six or seven lusty young dogs plunged out into the water for a distance of forty feet. Upstream and downstream they swam, while the old trailers counseled from the bank.

Until, nearly midnight, they drew the surrounding woods in ever-widening circles and combed the banks. When the late moon rose behind the swamp, the hunters grudgingly admitted defeat. The old fox, it appeared, had outsmarted them once again though no one ever figured it out.

They did not know that, just before Bandit's strength gave out, the little river steamboat that plied past once each day had rounded the bend, a flat-bottomed barge in tow laden with boxes and bales of freight. As the boat chugged past within twenty feet of him the old fox with a final effort overtook the barge. An end of rope hung trailing in the water, and this he seized in his teeth and, unknown and unseen by any, was towed away downriver and out of danger.

Some six miles downstream, he struck out for land as the boat hugged the bank at a bend. He gained the shore, far from the haunts of his old enemies. Morning found him nursing his aching muscles in a new warm den beneath the buttressed roots of a sycamore. In a day or two he would be himself again, but never again would he devil the poultry farmers round Pelham Wood.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the highest point in the United States east of the Rockies?

2—Which is the largest lake in Europe?

3—What is meant by corpulency?

4—What does the term *à la mode* mean?

5—What does alar mean?

6—The word simony means what?

7—What is a synonym for the word taboo?

8—Who originated the expression " survival of the fittest "?

9—Which city in the United States is called the Hub of the Universe?

10—Who invented the reaping machine?

11—For whom was Fort Sumter named?

12—Which country was the first to grant women the vote?

13—Who owned the famous Shamrock series of yachts?

14—Whence do we get the word slogan?

15—What part of the world is termed the Levant?

16—By what name was Africa known to the ancients?

17—Who was Petroleum V. Nasby?

18—Who was the author of Gulliver's Travels?

19—What is a pfennig?

20—Which city is the capital of India?

(Answers will be found on page 44)

"COLGATE'S for me!"
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"It keeps my teeth so white!"

"SINCE I switched to Colgate's I've found it so much easier to keep my teeth white and clean."

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First: Colgate's penetrates into every tiny crevice, even where the toothbrush cannot reach. It cleans your teeth thoroughly.

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Colagte's comes in powder form also. Ask for Colgate's Dental Powder-25c.

Vox

WHO HAD THE MOST FUN?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—I wonder if you have noticed that the so-called flaming youth is not mentioned as frequently as it used to be. Could it be because, while the "older generation" were so busy watching our wild ways, they forgot to keep their eye on the members of their own group?

Who took the country into the latest nose dive? It wasn't the young people who were running things, but they are getting the full benefit of the after results of the depression. All the time father yelled at Junior for spending too much money on girls he was putting his money in the bank. He lost his and so did Junior, but who had the most fun? Now Junior doesn't know whether to save money or not.—*Dorothy Stone.*

WHAT! NEVER???

DENVER, COLO.—I am a man thirty-six, and single. In all my life I never—

Tasted an ice-cream soda, coca-cola, ginger ale, wine, beer, or whisky; never used tobacco in any form; never "dipped snuff"; never used narcotics; never went swimming, hunting, fishing, hiking, ice-skating, skiing, rowing; never played football, baseball, basketball, golf, hockey, tennis, rugby, or polo; never played billiards or poker; never pitched horseshoes; never drove a car, rode a bicycle or horse; never milked a cow or goat.

Never participated in or saw (except in the movies) an earthquake, flood, or tornado; never have been in any kind of accident involving any moving vehicle, in the air, on land, or on sea; never have seen (except in the movies) a bicycle, foot, auto, motor-boat, or horse race; never have been inside of a saloon or speakeasy; never witnessed a fatal accident of any kind, even of a domestic or wild animal, poisonous reptile, or insect.

I never have had any kind of a surgical operation; never have been a patient in any hospital or sanatorium.

Never shot a gun, rifle, pistol, or cannon. Our home has never been entered or broken into by a thief. Never have been "held up" or robbed.

I never was engaged to be married; never courted a girl; never participated in a fight, not even as a boy; never bet or gambled in any manner whatsoever where there was money at stake; never have been on board a modern steamship or yacht; never rode in a balloon or airplane; never have been underground in a cave or mine; never joined any church, club, or lodge; never have been in a flour mill, lumber camp, sawmill, grainery, or foundry; never harnessed a horse; never saw a bullfight or duel—except in the movies. Never studied any foreign language; never have been outside of the United States; never was convicted of any crime; never have been inside of an insane asylum; and I never fainted in my life.—*Roy Robert Smith.*

FOUR ★ ★ ★ ★ LETTER

THE FATE OF UNBORN MILLIONS MAY HINGE—

HYNES, CALIF.—Many of your editorials have been excellent and timely, but none more so than the one of February 3, Are We All Set for a Race of Human Rabbits?

You say, "Rugged individualism has built all our great business enterprises"—and let me add, all our worth-while institutions. And nothing but rugged individualism can preserve them.

Without the rugged individualism of a Hoe no great modern printing press, of a Watt no steam engine, of a Whitney no cotton gin, of a Fulton no steamboat, of a Morse no telegraph, of an Edison no electric light, of a Bell no telephone, of a Wright no airplane, of a Ford no great automobile industry, of a Marconi no wireless.

Did all these rugged individualists work for themselves alone? No, but for the masses, making available to them comforts and conveniences no one is willing to do without today. And they added to the wealth of every man, woman, and child in the world.

The evil of child labor may be abolished at present, as in fact it should have been long ago, but the evil of child idleness is a far more serious problem. Reasonable work never hurt any one. As you say, "It is the struggle in life that builds vigor of body and strength of mind. It is hardship that molds and strengthens character."

Children brought up in idleness today become the citizens of tomorrow, robbed of the priceless heritage that comes as a result of struggle. They are thus equipped, most of them, for nothing so much as to become gangsters, highwaymen, thieves, crooked politicians.

The necessity of bending every effort to win the war brought about the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment. And without the necessity of providing millions of idle men with food the revolutionary experiments now being tried would never have been thought of. Let us not make the mistake of shaping them into permanent policies before they have been tested and proved. Ere we adopt permanent policies they should be carefully considered as to their ultimate effect upon individual character. As the individual, so is the nation. Mass lawlessness, dishonesty, immorality, skullduggery come from individual cussedness.

So it might be well to season our radicalism with a little conservatism. The fate of unborn millions may hinge upon what we do in these distressful times. Present national tendencies may presage our ruin—almost certain to bring it about if we crush individual initiative and stamp out the desire for personal achievement by passing hasty and ill-advised laws that try to circumvent the natural laws enacted by the Creator.—*Allison Tims.*

★ ★ ★ ★

NOTE TO VOX POPPERS: Please do not send letters especially for Four-Star consideration. The whole purpose of this department is to select, from all the letters sent to Vox Pop, those which the editor thinks of special value and for which we will pay $25. It should be understood that all letters addressed to Vox Pop are submitted for publication as free-will offerings—and no letter can be returned.

Allison Tims's letter was selected by the editor as a Four-Star letter and he has been sent $25.—VOX POP EDITOR.

HOW ABOUT A SIX-HOUR DAY FOR THE PRESIDENT?

PITTSBURGH, PA.—Why do we compel our President to work sixteen hours a day for seven days a week while we demand a reduction for ourselves to six hours a day and five days a week?—*John H. O'Donnell.*

HIS FINGER ON THE SPOT

PARAGOULD, ARK.—Just a few words in regard to Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's story Destroyer. Isn't it a fact that some parts of nearly all fiction stories are based on true experiences? If not, how is it possible that Mr. Brennan should pick at random such a point on the map as this town to locate a small scene in his story? Did he merely place a map before him, shut his eyes, and place his finger on the spot, or has he at some time really visited this town and so knew its location?—*Paul S. Ward.*

ARE THEY JUST LABELS?

BATTLE CREEK, MICH.—Could you persuade some authoritative writer to give an exposition of the theories and aims of Fascism, Hitlerism, Socialism? I am at a loss to know how we distinguish between Nazi, Bolshevik, Socialist, Hitlerite, Fascist.—*Mrs. Lotta Higgins.*

[Fascists, Hitlerites, and Socialists all believe in planning and controlling production. But Fascism and Hitlerism—while subordinating the individual to the state—still believe in private property and individual initiative.

Fascism and Hitlerism believe in the principle of leadership, in authority, not in parliamentarianism. Socialism espouses parliamentary government.

The Communists represent the extreme, or left wing, of Socialism. They advocate a dictatorship of the proletariat. The right or moderate wing of Socialism includes the lower middle class. In the final analysis their ultimate object is the same—a socialized community run exclusively for benefit of the working class.

The Anarchist is a free lance and believes in extreme individualism. To him the best government is no government.

Bolshevists are left-wing Socialists. There is no difference between a Nazi and a Hitlerite. Hitler represents German, Mussolini Italian Fascism. The Hitlerites call themselves National-Socialists. They stress both Nationalism and Socialism. They are somewhat more radical than their Italian confrères and they inject the element of race in their scheme of things.

All these forces (with the exception of the Anarchists) represent humanity's attempt to discover a New Deal for mankind—glorifying the community at the expense of the individual.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

Pop

HEART SUSPENDED! RED LIGHT FLASHES!

WEST MOUNT, QUE.—The fact that millions of people attend hockey games in Canada and the United States is eloquent testimony to the popularity of this truly great and fine game. However, when such articles appear as Hell on Skates, by Dick Williams, in February 17 Liberty, we are inclined to wonder whether these millions are all bloodthirsty and perhaps somewhat cannibalistic.

Certainly it must be an exaggeration to say as Mr. Williams explained that "nine times out of ten they [the spectators] can only wait, with heart action suspended, until a red light flashes behind one or the other netted goal, to know whether or not a point has been scored." At no time during the game is the action so fast that it cannot be followed by the naked eye. This terrific speed must, of itself, be the cause of accidents; but there has never been a fatal accident in the National Hockey League and only one case in which the accident resulted in permanent disability.

In discussing the brutalities of the game, surely Mr. Williams is avoiding the truth when he says in referring to Joe Simpson that he "used to squirt bullets and bits of shrapnel into the laps of customers every time he was bodychecked; but his war wounds were mere scratches to what he has collected since." Such a description would lead one to believe that Joe Simpson was a robot; and I am sure that even Dick Williams, if he has ever seen Joe play, would not entertain such an idea.

Regarding the inception of hockey into New York—Tommy Gorman and the late Tom Duggan brought the old Hamilton team to New York, which team was renamed New York Americans. One year later, hockey having gained such tremendous popularity in New York, it was thought that another team in that city would help to swell the coffers of the Garden. Colonel John S. Hammond and Connie Smythe gathered together the players who were to make up the Rangers team. Lester Patrick certainly did not get a team in Saskatoon, nor did he bring it to New York in toto, because the team was already assembled when he arrived there. Players had already been procured when Lester Patrick arrived to take charge of the New York Rangers.—*J. H. Quinn.*

MORE OR LESS ABOUT—MENCKEN

CHICAGO, ILL.—Congratulations, Liberty! The article The Brain Trust, by H. L. Mencken, is a masterpiece.—*J. A. Peal.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—If Mencken is a philosopher, then I am Queen of the May dancing down a moonbeam to the music of fairy pipes.—*Frank Gould.*

NEWARK, OHIO—This is my first whack at Vox Pop. It took Mencken to stir me up.

I thank Liberty for the opportunity of enjoying the music of Mencken's pen at such low cost.—*E. C. Service.*

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.—Congratulations on The Brain Trust, by H. L. Mencken. Let us have more of him—and your very popular nickel weekly will become more valuable and instructive to an indulgent public.—*Jesse L. Roark, M. D.*

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—I have thoroughly investigated the matter, and have come to the conclusion that for every Mencken there are fifty Brain Trusters, more or less.—*Alvin Sherman.*

CRANSTON, R. I.—The recent disappearance from the literary scene of Henry L. Mencken is solved. I am glad that Henry Louis has been found and that he has grown up to be an upstanding American citizen.—*J. R. Riani.*

REQUIRED READING

TUSCALOOSA, ALA.—Why don't you make Liberty a semiweekly magazine? I am a student at the University of Alabama, and I consider reading my Liberty to be as important as studying. Your editorials are as educational as a lecture in political science or any course dealing with the current events of the government.—*Allen B. Doveton.*

LOUISVILLE, KY.—For the second time in two years I've bought another "famous" Liberty. A year ago was the first time. It was enough—the one issue lasted me the rest of the year. Last week I paid five cents for another just to satisfy myself that Liberty cannot change and for me it's out for another year.

One issue a year is plenty.—*W. W. Christley.*

HE ACTUALLY DOES KNOW

CHARLESTON, W. VA.—Frazier Hunt in his article in February 24 Liberty, America Fights for the Heart of Mankind, demonstrates that he actually does not know the feeling of America in these perplexing days.

"There is a strange stirring in the hearts of men," says Hunt.

The hearts of men are with President Roosevelt as with no Executive before him. Men like the fight he is making for the sacredness of human rights as against the sacredness of property. Every concession he gains will be consolidated, and his people will insist that he go the whole route and secure for the worker a square deal in his relations with capital.—*Ben D. Keller.*

DEPTH OF ZEAL

DARBY, PA.—Lucky Lindy? Unlucky Lindy! Would that he had not chosen to test the one man he could not hope to dethrone! But since he did, it is fortunate that public sentiment rebuked him so unmistakably, for it served to disclose the depth of zeal in which the United States of America holds Franklin Delano Roosevelt.—*Ronald Morrell.*

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Cover by Robert Arthur

SHALL the U. S. SCRAP Railroad Equipment to

by GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

READING TIME ● 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

The "face" of the Flying Hamburger, a German pioneer streamlined train that averages more than 75 miles per hour.

THERE is a German proverb that one must throw money out of the window if one wants to have it come back through the stable door. If Uncle Sam wants to try such an experiment with a good chance of having his money come back manifold, the opportunity is offered by the plight of the railroads.

Two years ago Theodore Dreiser, writing in Liberty, claimed that our railroads are a generation behind the times. The national committee of which Calvin Coolidge was chairman and on which Al Smith served rendered a minority report to the effect that the railroads had made no revolutionary contribution to American transportation in half a century. This organization was officially known as National Transportation Committee. It was organized by a number of insurance companies with heavy investments in our railroads.

"In its present form," as Waldemar Kaempffert states in the New York Times Magazine, "the railroad is an anachronism." Passenger locomotives and rolling stock, we are told, are far too massive for the new age. Neither their weight nor their shape coincides with the requirements of modern science.

The reasons for the failure of the railroads to keep step with the times are many. For one reason, the investment involved in their equipment is so enormous that any radical change would have beggared the richest roads, even in times of prosperity. Tremendous expenditures of this type are made only in times of national emergency.

Such an emergency is upon us now. It coincides with the crisis of the railroads themselves.

The railroads are losing steadily to the automobile, to the truck, and to the airplane. Since 1920, the peak of all time, railways have lost seventy per cent of their passenger revenues. Ten to fifteen per cent of goods and commodities are carried today over the open road.

Both the airplane and the automobile are steadily gaining on the railroad. Automobile progress marches today with seven-league boots. For the first time in a century, the railroads of the United States showed in 1930 a decrease in trackage maintained. Though only 980 miles out of a total of 251,865, the diminution was like the handwriting on the wall.

The new streamlined designs based on scientific research which are adopted by the automobile industry will so increase the speed and the comfort of the motor-car vehicle that the railroads, unless they bestir themselves, will be completely outclassed. Unless a remedy is found, it is by no means inconceivable that within a decade 250,000 miles of track will be rusty and twisted old iron, and 55,000 locomotives, 51,750 passenger coaches, and 2,229,845 freight cars sold for junk!

Borrowing speed and shape from aviation, the automobile of the future will be a wingless airplane on wheels. Planes clinging to the earth and planes winging their way aloft will provide speed and comfort with such economy that the panting locomotive, as we have known it, can no longer compete with either.

The time has come when we must not merely revamp but recreate our entire transportation system. The psychological moment for this vast experiment is here and now. Never was America more inclined to indulge in prodigious expenditure to make the wheels of industry revolve once more. The amount involved is too staggering to come from the pocket of the private investor. It beggars the amounts authorized today by the NRA and all other similar agencies of the government.

Authorities state that trains of an entirely new order would not necessarily mean the scrapping of all railroad equipment. But if only a fraction of it were junked or rebuilt, the amount of work provided would far exceed the dizziest hopes of the administration. There would probably be a considerable salvage, possibly by selling a large part of our present equipment to Russia and South America.

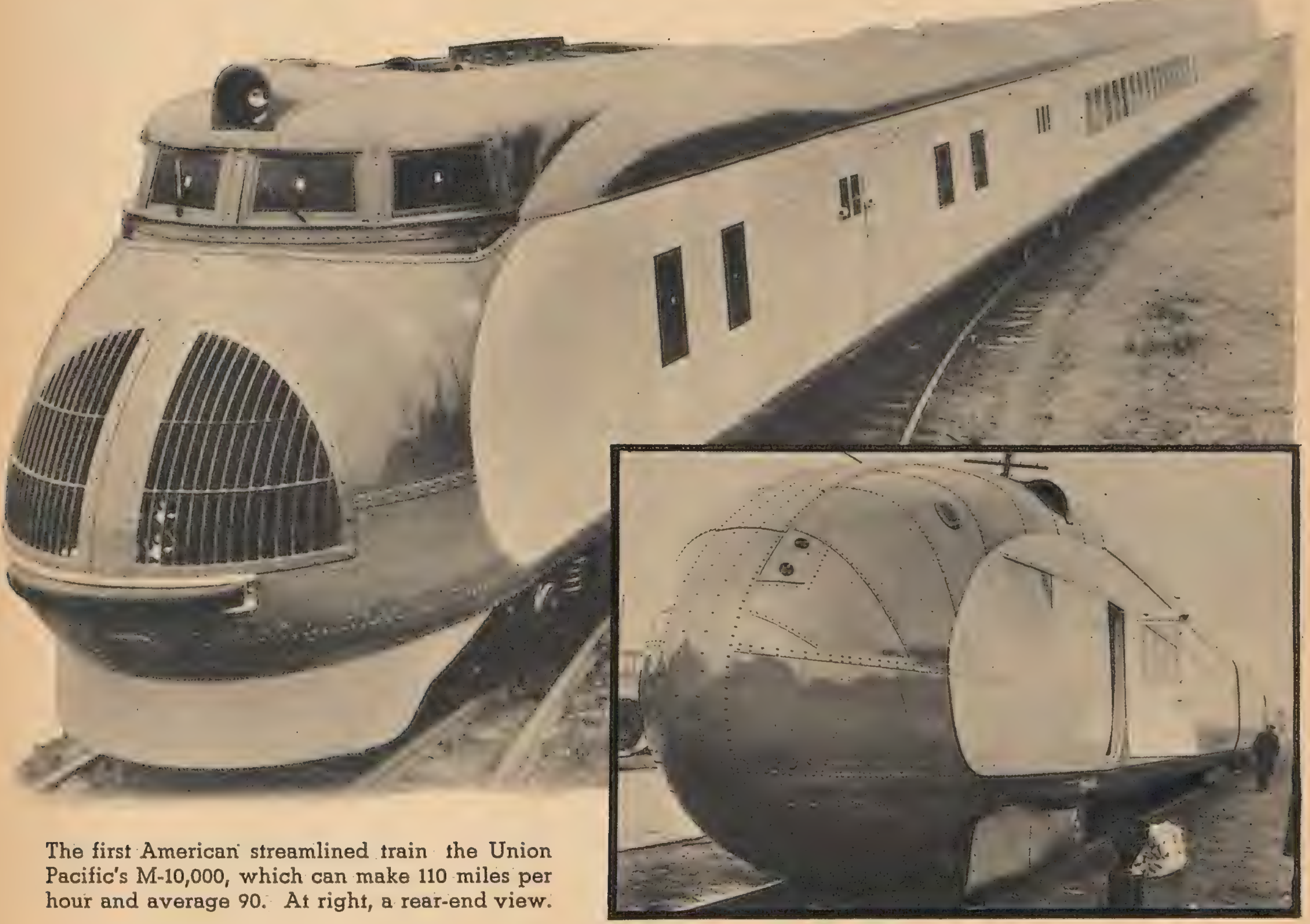
The reëquipment of our railroads promises to put millions of men to work and to set factories humming the country over; to start American chimneys smoking and put into the air the smell of progress.

What will the new trains be like, and what is their economic justification? The Flying Hamburger, or the Frantic Berliner, which makes the distance of 179.21 miles from Berlin to Hamburg at an average speed of more than 75 miles per hour, is one answer to the question. In trial runs the train has made 106 miles or better. Leaving Berlin at 8.02 A. M. and arriving in Hamburg at 10.20 A.M., it carries the world's blue ribbon for speed, so far as regular trains are concerned. The fare is twenty-three marks, less than six dollars at the ordinary rate of exchange. The German railroad officials prefer to call this crack train the Rushing Fox, after the name of the engineer, Fuchs, who is responsible for this achievement.

The car is shaped like a fish or a duck, because this form seems to be best adapted to minimize air resistance. This resistance, increasing directly with the square of the speed, is the most important single factor which slows up locomotion.

As a result of tests made in the Zeppelin works, the ends of the train are rounded. The running gear is aproned nearly down to the rails with sheet iron. Thus a sylphlike car with streamlines has come into being. So far as possible nothing was permitted to project, the only

$26,000,000,000 of Bring Back Prosperity?



The first American streamlined train the Union Pacific's M-10,000, which can make 110 miles per hour and average 90. At right, a rear-end view.

indispensable projections being a buffer below the two headlights, which look like great owl's eyes, and the exhaust pipe at the head, which resembles the horn of the fabulous unicorn.

In the effort to reduce air resistance, the body of the train was made as light as possible. The motors, in contrast with the American construction of electrical trains, are placed in the running gear. Two Diesel motors generate 410 horsepower, which is communicated electrically to the driving wheels. The technical engineering wonder is the fact that both motor and electrical generator are placed in the running gear together.

Fifteen minutes after leaving the Berlin station the speedometer reaches 85 miles, and then crawls up surely and rapidly to 99. The landscape flits by, and the names of the stations can hardly be read. But there is never the least feeling of insecurity.

Another train, called the Zeppelin on Rails, designed by a Hanoverian engineer, resembles the Flying Hamburger, but two propellers enable it to make over 124 miles per hour. It is not yet scheduled regularly.

America has no intention to leave the blue ribbon to the Germans. At the Century of Progress Exposition there was an exhibit of a streamlined train according to the latest scientific prescription. Several of our railroads have been experimenting with such trains, and on February 12 the first fully streamlined train in America left the shops of its manufacturers in Chicago and was delivered to the Union Pacific, represented by W. A. Harriman, chairman of the board.

This train, which is known as Number M-10,000, was designed to have a maximum speed of 110 miles an hour and a cruising speed of 90 miles. In preliminary tests before delivery it developed a speed of 88 miles, and in these tests the speed was purposely held down, according to Union Pacific officials. It had been announced earlier in the winter that the train would be operated on special runs between the larger cities connected by the Union Pacific system, to demonstrate its practicability for regular transcontinental traffic.

THE railroads, Mr. Harriman frankly admits, are compelled to develop a radically different type of equipment if they wish to recover their lost business. The ordinary ten-car steam train weighs approximately one thousand tons, including the locomotive. This limits the speed and makes heavy demands upon the purse of the railroads. Accordingly, Mr. E. E. Adams, vice president of the Union Pacific and head of its engineering department, developed a design, based largely on automotive and aircraft developments, which combines speed with light weight. These trains will be constructed either, as this first one is, of a copper-aluminum alloy which is stronger than ordinary steel with only one third its weight, or else

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WHEN SHE LOST 28 lbs.

She Gained Energy

This young woman's method of reducing overweight is evidently as beneficial as it is effective, and a letter she writes is therefore worthy of publication :—

"I am 24 years of age ; height 5 ft. 5½ ins. ; and a short time ago my weight was 28 lbs. above normal. I was listless and without energy. Now after taking Kruschen Salts regularly I have lost 28 lbs. in weight, and have much more vitality. Also I have a very good complexion and I do not have face blemishes of any kind. Surely this must be due to my having pure blood, and I attribute the fact to my taking Kruschen Salts."—(Miss) M. S.

Kruschen combats the cause of fat by assisting the internal organs to throw off each day those waste products and poisons which would otherwise be converted by the body's chemistry into fatty tissue.

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of stainless steel which has three times the strength of ordinary steel and therefore requires but one third of the material. A train of three cars weighs no more than one ordinary Pullman sleeper.

In place of the conventional underframe now used on passenger cars, which takes all the shock and carries the superstructure as well as the load, the cars of the new train are tubular in shape. The train—and this is the crux of the matter—is fully streamlined to a greater extent than any similar train in the world. In their experiments the American engineers took a leaf out of Germany's book of experience. Proposed models were placed in wind tunnels to find out which design offered least air resistance. The new airlining figures will reduce the power requirements at 100 miles an hour by more than fifty per cent. Windows of shatterproof glass are flush with the outside of the car. Vestibules between cars are covered. Headlights, tail-lights, whistles, bells recess into the car body.

M-10,000 is fully air-conditioned. Forced ventilation will heat it in winter, cool it in summer. It filters all air and dust from the outside air while excluding all dirt and cinders. Modern indirect lighting will make reading a pleasure. The sealed windows, heavy insulation, the use of rubber in the trucks, and resilient wheels greatly reduce noise.

The first train consists of three cars "articulated." That is to say, there is one truck between each two cars. This articulation saves weight, friction, and cost. The train is propelled by internal combustion. The fuel is nonexplosive. The engine is directly connected with an electric generator and with motors on the wheels of the forward truck. The first car contains a 600-horsepower motor, a thirty-foot railway post office, and a baggage room. The second car will seat eighty passengers; the rear car will seat fifty-six and is provided with a buffet for light meals. The first train does not have sleeping accommodations.

IN making its experiment the Union Pacific received valuable aid from the Pullman Company, collaborating with General Motors. Mr. William B. Stout, aëronautical engineer, the Brill Company, subsidiary of the American Car & Foundry Co., and the Ingersoll-Rand Company likewise lent their assistance.

The cost of operation is to be 50 to 70 per cent less than that of the old-fashioned train. However, this plan only marks the beginning of what may be expected. Perfect streamlining is not yet possible, because our railroads are still literally tied down by the conventional gauge of their rails. Some day, when the railroads have the courage and funds to tear up their tracks and to overhaul their roadbeds completely, the speed of our trains will surpass even the Zeppelin on rails.

The new trains, like their German prototype, will resemble round-nosed fishes. They will not compete with the airplane for speed. But for the next ten years 100 miles per hour should be sufficient to satisfy the demands of the ordinary traveler.

The new train of the Union Pacific is the first intelligent answer to the challenge that busses, airplanes, and automobiles flaunt in the face of the harassed railroads. Taking into account their revenue from the mails, such trains, with a normal speed of 100 miles per hour, will be able to meet operating costs at a passenger rate of one cent a mile. It should be possible to cross the continent in thirty hours for thirty dollars. With the advent of streamlining, train transportation in America enters upon a new era. But, unless the government steps in, progress will be comparatively slow.

The new streamlined trains require an entirely new, or profoundly revised, railroad system: the adjustment of tracks for faster speed, the establishment of new block signals, new protection for grade crossings, and hundreds of other innovations which will revolutionize the railroad industry.

THE revolution in railroad building is gaining headway primarily in the West. The Pullman Company is building new aluminum coaches for the Burlington. Similar cars are being built in Battle Creek, Michigan, and in Detroit factories. One small road in Texas is experimenting with a small train of aluminum coaches with rubber wheels. The Pullman Company has invented a new railway coach called the Rail Plane. The managers of the railroads admit with a sigh that they may have to junk their equipment, costing many millions, and substitute the new type of coach.

The Eastern railways show less enthusiasm for the idea of streamlined trains. They are interested, but they fear the vast expenditure needed to rebank all the curves on existing lines and the scrapping of most of their trackage. Nevertheless, there is little doubt that they will have to introduce the new shape. But it is obvious that the reform needed cannot be achieved unless Uncle Sam takes a hand.

The trolleys, too, must reform if they wish to survive. They too, perhaps too late, have resorted to streamlining. However, in their case the streamlining will be less radical, since few of them can travel fast enough to profit much from reduction of air resistance. New trolleys, nevertheless, are in the offing, and some are already in operation. They are light, air-conditioned, run on wheels mounted on rubber, and exceed the speed of most automobiles.

Whatever may be the fate of the railroad, it is already evident that scientific streamlining is capturing the automobile. The new automobile, it is claimed by enthusiastic streamliners, is so revolutionizing the motor car and motor tastes that within a year practically every older style of automobile in this country will be a dissatisfaction to its owner. If only half of the 24,000,000 older cars lately in use should be scrapped, the automobile industry would receive an enormous impetus.

Even before the streamlining design was invented, it was technically possible to make railroad trains, trolleys, busses, and automobiles travel faster—but only at dire cost of human comfort. Few travelers and passengers can endure the physical and nervous punishment of driving long distances at top speed in old-style vehicles. When we are traveling in the sky, at 200 miles an hour, in a transport plane streamlined like a bird, a dolphin in water, our bodies do not tell us how fast we are going. A hundred miles faster or slower doesn't matter. Accordingly, if the plane is ventilated, we do not get tired unless we are nervous—fearful!

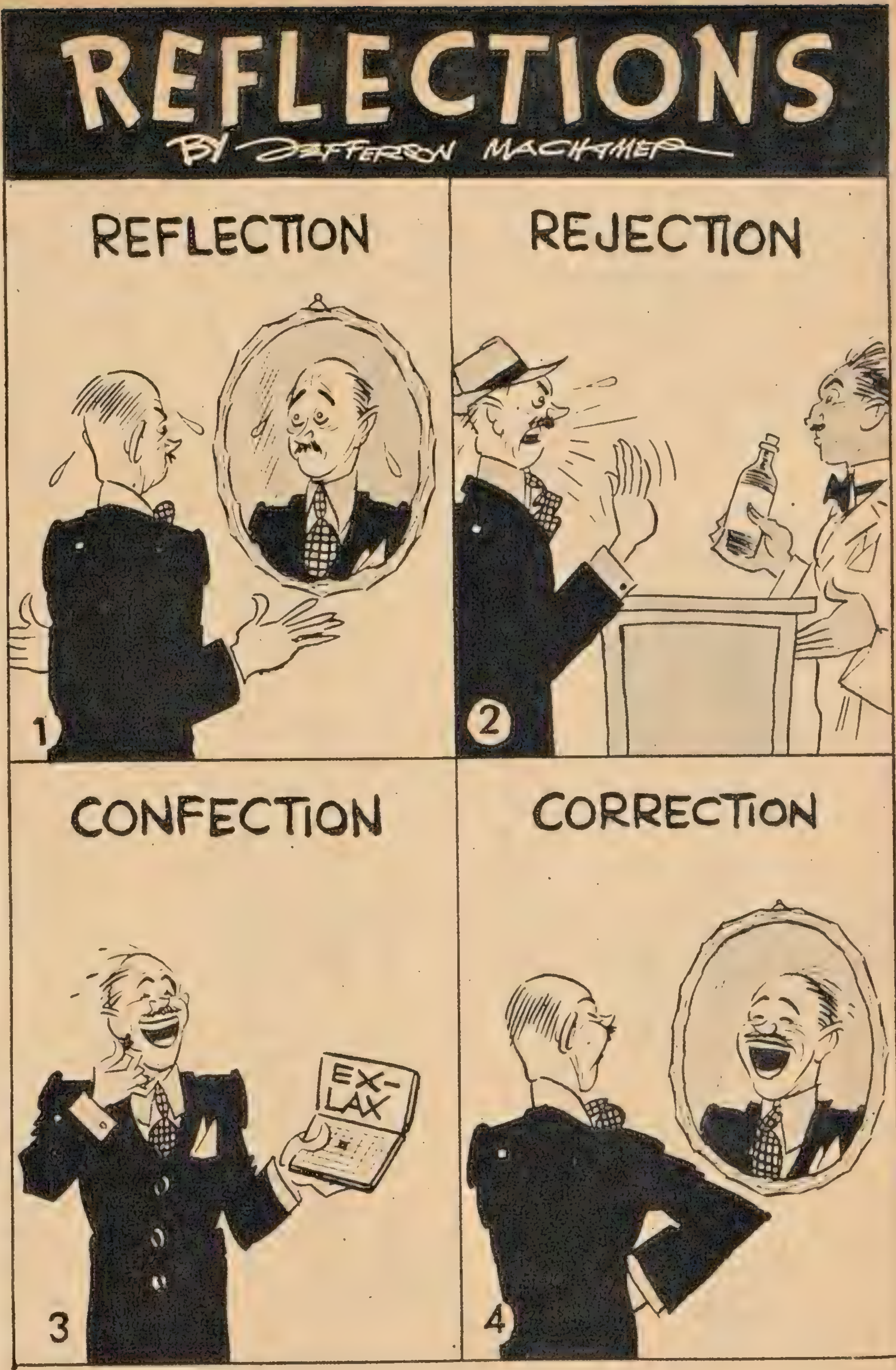
Fear begets worry; worry and fear both beget fatigue.

And there are many other causes of muscular, mental, and nervous fatigue which, according to Frank G. Gilbreth, lifelong student of fatigue, costs Americans four times the total of our annual life losses. Muscle strain, mental strain, nervous strain, considerations of diet, exercise, boredom, and companions all contribute, but what mostly makes you tired when motoring, tests show and psychologists insist, is vibration.

VIBRATION is not just a matter of mechanics, so far as motoring and speed are concerned, for the simple reason that the Lord made us as we are and countless generations of us have confirmed the verdict. So we have nerves in plenty reporting continuously from muscles and various organs like the eye, the outer and the inner ear, or the heart, when all's right or all's wrong with the world about us and the vehicle in which we ride.

Vibration, except in frequencies pleasant to human beings, may in fact be defined as discord. Certain frequencies which are disturbing to various animals are not even perceptible to humans; neither are some frequencies which, in certain conditions, cause a piece of steel to snap from fatigue, or through some rearrangement of its molecules, even on the smoothest road. There is a large range of frequencies referred to as radio, not audio, frequencies, which the human ear does not detect at all until, by artificial means such as receiving sets, they are made audible to us.

Any audible frequency afflicting the human ear, along with any jarring, jouncing, bouncing, jerking motion, or any other factor disturbing to one's eye or other muscles, is irritating, is fatiguing—if prolonged may play havoc or have a wide range of other reactions to an automobile driver or passenger. The result varies with individuals. Discords produced when a car is running at excessive speed may induce in one passenger the symptoms of seasick-



WHEN you need a laxative, ask yourself this question:

Why should you bother with spoons, bottles, and messy medicines, when there is Ex-Lax—the chocolated laxative that is so pleasant and convenient?

Ex-Lax tastes just like a piece of delicious chocolate! Gentle as well as effective—for all ages. 15c and 35c at all druggists. Made in Canada.

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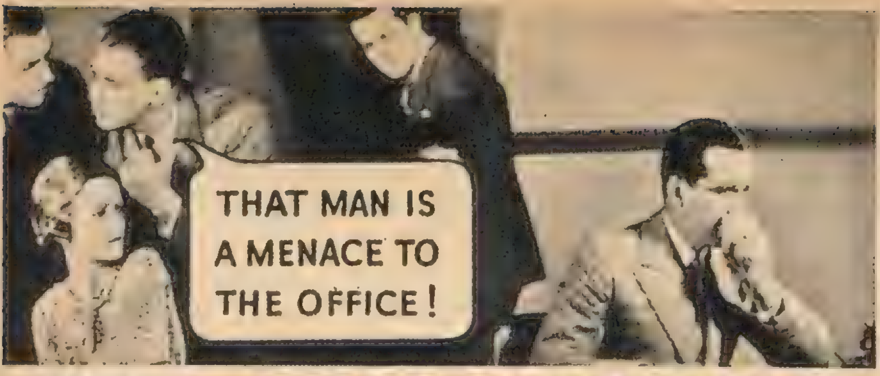
THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE


THAT MAN IS A MENACE TO THE OFFICE!

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Everybody steers clear of a "Colds-Susceptible"—a person who catches cold too easily—a person who is always "carrying around a cold"—and passing it on to others. Are you one of them? Then follow Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. Vicks Plan ends most colds sooner—it prevents many colds entirely. It is fully explained in each package of Vicks VapoRub and Vicks Nose & Throat Drops.

DO YOU CATCH COLD EASILY? . . . Get Vicks Nose & Throat Drops—the amazing new aid in *preventing* colds. Used at that first warning sign, Vicks Nose Drops soothe irritation. They stimulate the cold-fighting functions of the nose. They stop many colds before they develop.

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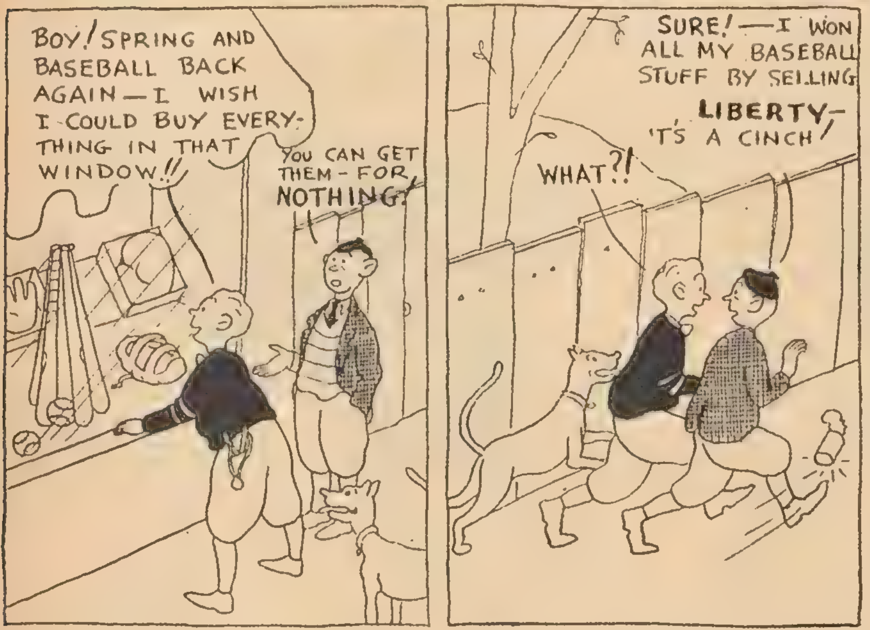
VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS


BOY! SPRING AND BASEBALL BACK AGAIN—I WISH I COULD BUY EVERYTHING IN THAT WINDOW!!
YOU CAN GET THEM—FOR NOTHING!
SURE!—I WON ALL MY BASEBALL STUFF BY SELLING LIBERTY—'T'S A CINCH!
WHAT?!

THAT SOUNDS SWELL! WHAT DO I DO?
ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO START—IS TO MAIL IN THAT COUPON—RIGHT THERE!

Mail This Coupon Today

Liberty Magazine *L-4-7-34C*
Boy Sales Division
1926 Broadway
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Please send me a big free catalog showing 350 prizes I can earn. Also tell me how I can earn spending money.

NAME............................
ADDRESS.........................
CITY............................
PROV............................
AGE.......... Have one of your parents show approval by signing here:

....

ness, according to Dr. Douglas Fryer of the department of psychology of New York University. The sense of apprehension or fear produced in another way causes fatigue which results in hysteria. A third passenger in the same car may become unaccountably depressed. Yet all the while the driver himself may be so exhilarated by his experience that he becomes reckless.

"It is not so much the speed of the ship, auto, or plane which is fatiguing," says Dr. Rensis Likert, professor of industrial psychology at New York University. "It is the mental strain imposed by the ever-present thought of the consequences of a slip which at a slower speed could be easily corrected. It must be recognized, however, that the problem is very complex, and that the individual concerned is as important as any engineering factor. The problem is not simply the reduction of strain, since boredom is as often the cause of fatigue as strain, and is just as dangerous."

But here the larger point is, not that fatigue promotes accidents wherever people work or play, but that it long has been the main barrier to greater speed.

The limitation on prevailing automobile speed, in other words, has not been mechanical as much as it has been human. For this reason, scientific streamlining revolutionizes automobile designs. Real streamlining, based on functional design, more than any other factor tends to diminish and to eliminate vibration and other kindred causes of fatigue. By real streamlining I mean vehicles that are built from skin to core in accordance with the principles of aërodynamics found superior in wind-tunnel tests, and not merely superficial streamlining, which is really only a new skin over the same old horse and buggy or iron horse.

The application of streamlining to our entire transportation system on a national scale will make heavy demands upon our resources. But it will cheapen transportation, shorten distances, and take the hardship out of travel. Eventually it will fully repay us for the billions invested.

The railroads, having dallied too long in the process of evolution, must evolve a new type or perish. This much is clear from Mr. Harriman's statement and from other evidences adduced. The transformation of the automobile will be financed largely by individual owners. But it is inconceivable how the amounts needed for the recreating of our railroad system can be raised by any one except Uncle Sam. To use our resources to improve our own country is more feasible than to lend to foreigners innumerable billions (which they will never repay) in order to enable them to buy our goods!

It is safe to predict that ten years from now the old-fashioned railroad car and the pre-streamline automobile will be curiosities.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 37

1—Mount Mitchell, North Carolina, 6,711 feet high.

2—Lake Ladoga in Russia and Finland, 7,000 square miles.

3—Excessive fatness.

4—In the fashion.

5—Like, pertaining to, or having wings.

6—Traffic in sacred things.

7—Forbidden.

8—Herbert Spencer, in First Principles.

9—Boston, from a quotation in Oliver Wendell Holmes's Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.

10—Cyrus Hall McCormick.

11—General Thomas Sumter of Revolutionary fame.

12—New Zealand, in 1893.

13—Sir Thomas Lipton.

14—From *sluagh-ghairm*, Gaelic for battle cry.

15—The eastern shores of the Mediterranean, western Greece to western Egypt.

16—Libya.

17—David Ross Locke, American humorist.

18—Dean Jonathan Swift.

19—A German small copper coin, value one quarter cent.

20—Delhi.

Curtsies for the King

A Captivating Glimpse of the United States' First Woman Envoy at Court in Copenhagen

Mrs. Owen in her Legation home. Note the paintings of her father and "Heather Hill."

READING TIME:
4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

WHEN you go with the other diplomats to pay your respects to the King on his birthday, are you going to curtsy or bow? You know, the Russian Envoy to Sweden always bows. She says she is doing a man's work and must do it in a man's way."

"Yes, I know. But I do not share her viewpoint. I do not admit for a moment that because I am a Minister accredited to a foreign country I am doing a man's work. I feel that I am doing a woman's work. I wish, of course, to meet His Majesty's pleasure—but my own preference would be to curtsy."

His Majesty's wishes, which were duly consulted, proved to coincide with those of the Hon. Ruth Bryan Owen, Minister Extraordinary and Envoy Plenipotentiary from the United States of America to the Kingdom of Denmark; and she set off to the royal palace. "She was born in the purple of politics, looks it and acts it," Will Rogers said of her once; and she certainly looked it on this occasion. She wore a black lace dress, a black satin cape lined with scarlet, and a lustrous black hat ornamented with brilliants.

Hans Jorgensen, messenger of the American Legation, sat on the box of her carriage, and when she alighted at the red-carpeted steps of the palace, he alighted too, and stood waiting in the vestibule, holding her gorgeously lined cloak over his arm. In the antechamber the American Minister greeted her colleagues and took her place, the only woman in the diplomatic circle.

Presently the court chamberlain bowed to her, indicating that she was the next to be received.

Entering the small drawing-room where King Christian X, Queen Alexandrine, and Crown Prince Frederick were standing, she made the first of the three prescribed curtsies. Before she could make the second, His Majesty advanced graciously and shook hands. She conveyed to him the felicitations of the President of the United States. The Queen then introduced the Crown Prince, referring to him as "my son," and inquiring cordially after Mrs. Owen's own children. After a few moments' conversation, Mrs. Owen had an opportunity to achieve the second curtsy, and when she left the room she swept to the floor in her final one.

Mrs. Owen has made of the American Legation a typical American home. "There is such a sense of repose in your house, madame!" the wife of the new French Minister exclaimed when she made her first call on her.

With admirable tact and taste Mrs. Owen has set apart one room in her house in which to pay a tribute to Denmark. She calls it the Hans Christian Andersen room. It contains a map of Denmark worked in cross-stitch, a cross-stitch picture of the house in which the children's beloved story-teller was born, early and beautiful editions of his works, statuettes of him. Having seen this room, the Prime Minister of Denmark presented to Mrs. Owen, on the Fourth of July, a painting of Denmark's famous "Heather Hill" to be hung there.

Mrs. Owen never limited her hospitality when she was in Congress to the "official circle" in Washington; she does not do so now. It is a woman's work to be hospitable.

Naturally, however, many of her duties take her outside of her own home. She is—for example—the junior warden of the church of which the British Minister is senior warden. "Everywhere that the American Minister is seen—and fortunately she is seen a great deal," comments a Danish paper—"she is an engaging and attractive figure. Her manner and her taste in dress are both charming. Of such things can the friendliness of nations be made."

A POLICEMAN in Montana whom Mrs. Owen had never seen wrote asking her if she would please go and call on his old mother in Roskilde. Mrs. Owen took pains to discover that she could stop at Roskilde on her way to Jutland to do some broadcasting.

She found the old house easily enough, but the old lady was not at home. So Mrs. Owen left word that she would stop again on her way back from Jutland the following day.

The next day it poured. It was getting dark when Mrs. Owen approached Roskilde, and she was very tired. Was it really worth while to stop? But when she reached the old lady's lodging—three rooms in the upper story of a cottage—she knew that it was! For they had been decorated with Danish and American flags, with red and white carnations tied with the national colors; and trembling with excitement the mother of the Montana policeman was waiting eagerly to welcome her.

It is a custom for the American Minister in Denmark on Decoration Day to place flowers on the graves of the Danes who fell in the World War. The exercises are under the direction of a post of the American Legion; the bereaved families attend them. When Mrs. Owen entered the little cemetery the first person she approached was dressed as a widow. To her, after the first words had been spoken, Mrs. Owen was no longer the American Minister but another woman who had lost her husband in the war. The next had lost her son; to her Mrs. Owen became another mother who had seen loneliness and grief.

Of such things, too, can the friendliness of nations be made. The first woman to represent her country in a foreign land, she is in her own person a representative American woman.

THE END

by FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

CARICATURIST

● A SHORT SHORT STORY

by L. A. GUARD

READING TIME: 5 MINUTES 25 SECONDS.

WYMAN had brought a friend from the Middle West to dine with Busby. After dinner he said, “ You spoke of a new treasure.”

“ A treasure—but to me, alas, a Dead Sea fruit! I'll show it to you,” Busby said, sighing, and he waddled to a cabinet and came back with a dingy portfolio bound in grass cloth. “ Interested in Japanese art, Mr. Harris? ”

Wyman's friend said it was Greek to him. He looked on unmoved as Busby untied the portfolio and laid out colored pictures. They were very Japanese, and were apparently of half-witted, big-faced, cross-eyed devils.

But Wyman whistled. “ Sharakus! Genuine, of course? Good Lord, Busby, those must be worth—”

“ Oh, fifty to sixty thousand, the lot of them. When I first set eyes on them I could have had them for a song, a song I was too squeamish to sing. And now—now I no longer collect Japanese prints, now that passion is gone from me forever—they come to me as a gift! ”

“ A gift? How does that happen? ”

“ I'll tell you, and you won't believe me. But, first, who would you say had done this? ”

He held up a pencil drawing, a caricature, and a wickedly good one, of him. Mr. Harris thought it was swell; he wasn't caring much for Busby. He had expected a famous New York art critic and collector to be a clever wise-cracker, a wit—almost anything but a twittery little fat man in loud Persian lounging silks.

“ Well,” Wyman said, “ as Sharaku's been dead since 1800, I give it up—unless Luke Ware did it.”

Mr. Harris knew that name; who didn't? Everywhere he went, both the arty and the artless were raving over the caricatures by Luke Ware in the swank magazines.

Busby gurgled. “ Ten years ago last summer I had one of my nervous breakdowns, and I stole off up to Marblehead, where I sought sanctuary in the old house of two miserly old spinsters named Milledge. Their man of all work was a young distant cousin, an orphan, who lived in the old stable and whom they treated like a slave.

“ He was about seventeen and looked intense and unhappy. I wondered what he did in his hours to himself, if they allowed him any, until one day I stumbled upon him in the act of drawing—*that.* For the moment I was, foolishly, indignant. I snatched it from him.

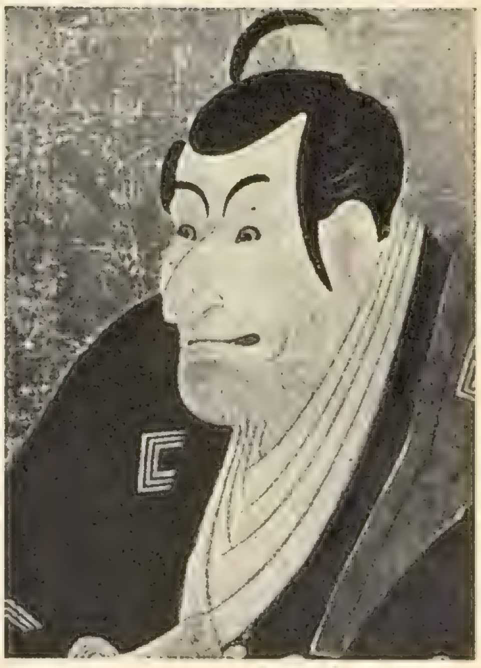
“ ‘ You can show it to my cousins,’ he said drearily. ‘ They'll kick me out.’

“ I recovered myself and told him I had no wish to get him kicked out, but I *should* like to know what had inspired him to draw just that way. In the end, when I'd—ah—I'd explained who I was, he led me on tiptoe to the stable, where he had an old sea chest.

“ It was an heirloom; a great-grandfather of his in Salem had been a ship's officer in the Far Eastern trade. It was full of Chinese curios, rubbish. But in the bottom of it, wrapped in oilcloth, were—these Sharakus!

“ Now, mind you, he had no notion of what they were. He supposed they were Chinese, too! He said he never showed them to any one; his cousins would disapprove of them as heathenish. He was fond of them; until lately he had meant to keep them always, but it had struck him they were the one thing he had that might be turned into money. Did I know if they could be? He'd ‘ *got* to get away ’—he was frantic to get away and study art.

“ You see the situation? I had only to be sensible. He'd accept whatever offer I might make. And I coveted them! How I did covet them! You can have no idea of it! And any rich collector—C. P. French, for example—would give him ten times as much as I could!



“ I remember saying they were Japanese and might be—*might* be—worth something, and then excusing myself abruptly and going off down the shore among the rocks—”

“ Say, pardon me,” Mr. Harris put in, “ but what are these? Who was this Jap Syracuse? ”

“ Sharaku. One of the greatest of all artists. He evidently scorned the actors in Old Japan's theaters. These are some of his satirical portraits of them.”

Mr. Harris said, “ Oh.”

“ To continue,” Busby said; “ I stayed down there, struggling with myself, until after dark. I respected the boy. He'd appreciated Sharaku by instinct, and he had talent. But—money, a lot of it, would be the ruination of him! With a thousand or so he could go study; it would be quite enough. That was plain common sense.

“ But—I had absurd scruples. And before I could subdue them, what should he do but come in search of me.

“ ‘ *How* can I find out if I can sell 'em? ’ he besought me. ‘ If I don't get away from here, I'll *die!* ’

“ At that juncture a red glow boiled up into the sky. It was the Milledge stable; one of the old harpies had dropped a lantern. By the time we arrived it was roaring like a furnace—and in it were these prints.

“ I WAS clamoring at a yokel, in the vain hope of getting him to do something, when I heard a yell and saw the boy dart to the stable door and slip inside—into a belch of smoke and sparks, with his coat over his head.

“ It looked suicidal. They wouldn't let any one try to go in after him. But just before the roof crashed, out he came staggering, the smoldering chest in his arms.”

“ He had guts! ” Mr. Harris said. “ Did he live? ”

“ Very much so. He was up and about the next day. Well ”—Busby sighed—“ that settled it for me, sentimental idiot that I was! In the morning I phoned French about his Sharakus. French came on posthaste. And then it was all over but the tragic ending. French's lavish generosity *was* the ruin of him. Today he's just another clever johnny doing drawings—he caricatures the movie stars, doesn't he? And it's hopeless, for he and French's granddaughter, the heiress, are married and disgustingly happy. His name is Luke Ware.

“ His wife has the impertinence to be grateful to *me*—and so, now French is dead, she sends me these. Dear, dear! And they've no thrill for me any more! The episode sickened me of Japanese prints; I auctioned my collection off immediately. It was profitable—but nothing else will ever mean to me what they did. In short, those ridiculous scruples of mine have made a mess of Ware's life and have, appreciably, darkened my own.”

There was a moment of mournful silence.

“ I don't get it,” Mr. Harris said. “ This Syracuse, from what you tell, was a caricaturist—a big-leaguer. Well, what else is Ware? Where's your tragedy? ”

Busby fairly flounced and gave Wyman one look; it was Wyman who had brought a dolt like this to dinner.

THE END

$3,000 CASH PRIZE CONTEST

ENTER THE GAME OF STATES NOW

Your Chance to Win a Cash Award is Excellent!

AN OPPORTUNITY FOR FUN AND PROFIT!

COME one, come all! Get into the patriotic game of states and win a cash award. Identify and bound the four states on this page and you will be well on your way toward the prize money. You can write or print the names of the boundary states, oceans, lakes, or nations in their correct places on each map if you wish, instead of writing the information below the picture. Read the rules carefully to be sure you have the conditions of the contest clearly in mind. Then get busy! Your chance to win is just as good as any one's.

FIRST PRIZE	**$500**
SECOND PRIZE	**250**
THIRD PRIZE	**100**
100 PRIZES, each $10	**1,000**
230 PRIZES, each $5	**1,150**
333 PRIZES—TOTAL	**$3,000**

THE RULES

1. Every week for twelve consecutive weeks Liberty will print four outline maps of four different states of the United States; a total of 48 maps—one for each of the 48 states.

2. You are invited to cut out these maps (or, if you prefer, make copies or tracings of them) and write in the state's name and the states, waters, or countries that bound it. You may use the blanks or write on the maps themselves and around them, as you like.

3. When you have done this with all the 48 maps, write an essay of not more than fifty words telling which is your favorite state, and why.

4. Liberty will pay $3,000 in cash prizes to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and neatest sets of state maps, together with the best essays, in accordance with these rules.

5. This contest is open to everybody except employees of Liberty and their families.

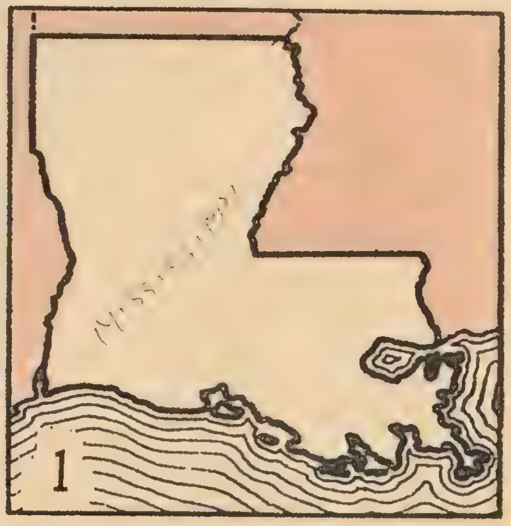
6. Maps are to be submitted only in complete sets. Hold all maps until you have 48 of them. Then send them, with your essays, to STATES, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Be sure to write your name and address clearly on your entry. All entries must be in by the close of business July 11, 1934.

7. Each entry should be sent by first-class mail, postage prepaid, to the post-office-box address as specified. Entries with insufficient postage will be returned by the Post Office Department. Registered mail will not be received. Contestants may send in as many sets of maps and as many essays as they wish, but no contestant will be entitled to more than one prize.

8. You need not purchase Liberty to compete. Liberty may be examined at any of its offices or at public libraries free of charge.

9. The judges will be a committee appointed by the publishers of Liberty. Their decision will be final. Both accuracy and neatness will count in the award of the prizes. No elaborate treatments are necessary. Simplicity is best. In case of ties a duplicate award will be given each tying contestant. We cannot undertake to return any entries, or enter into correspondence concerning them.

Set No. 1



This state was named for a king. It is bounded on the north by the only state in the Union in which diamonds have been found in any considerable quantity.

Name of state..............................

Bounded by..............................

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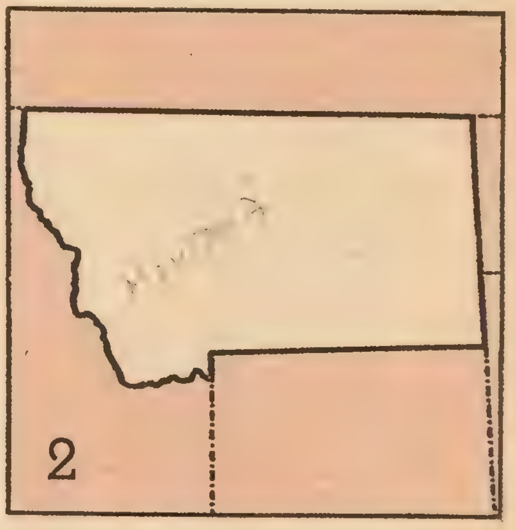

This, the third largest state in the Union, is bounded on the east by two states whose territory was a part of the Louisiana purchase.

Name of state..............................

Bounded by..............................

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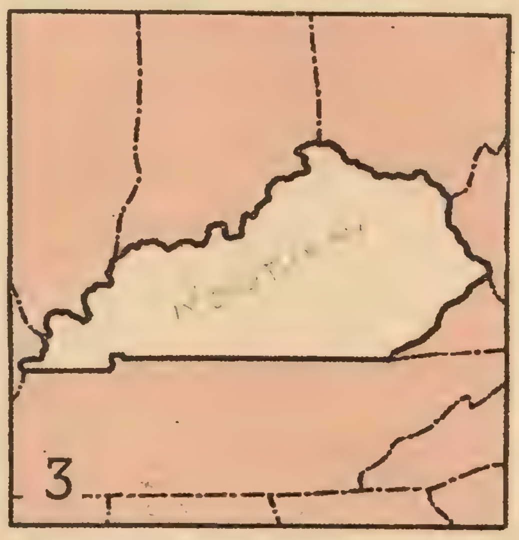

The raising of live stock is an important industry of this state, which is bounded on the south by a state that bears the name of a large river.

Name of state..............................

Bounded by..............................

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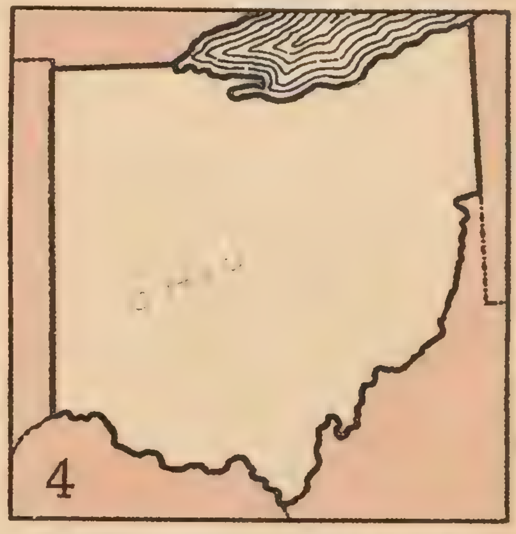

The production of oil and the manufacture of rubber goods are among this state's principal industries. A large body of water touches it on the north.

Name of state..............................

Bounded by..............................

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DESTRO

by

FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

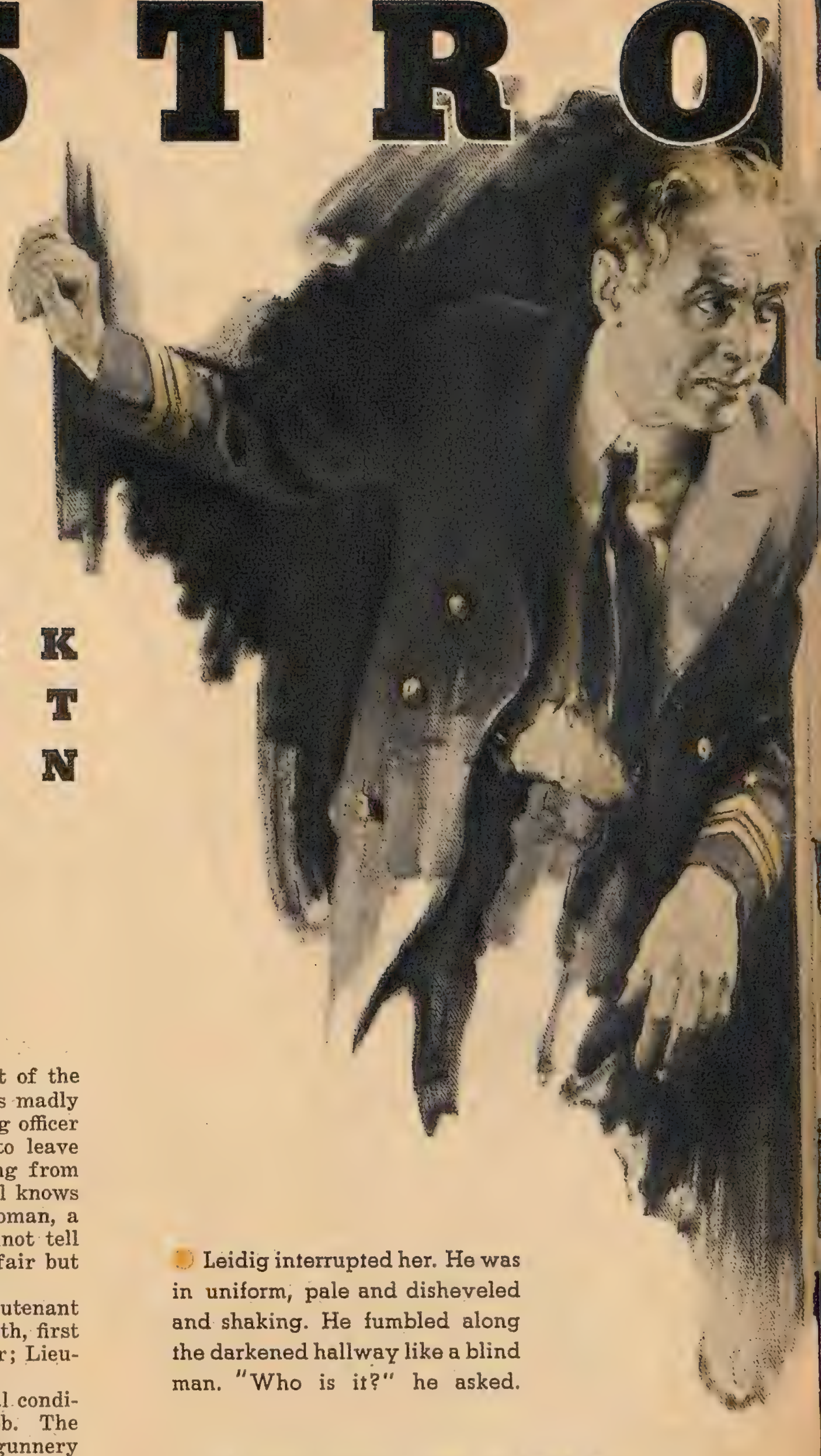
READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 22 SECONDS

JOEL TIERNAN, gunnery lieutenant of the U. S. Destroyer Spearman, on the Asiatic station, is madly in love with Aithra, wife of John Leidig, commanding officer of the ship. Aithra returns his love but refuses to leave Leidig. She tells Joel that her husband is suffering from some deep moral illness and that he needs her. Joel knows that Leidig has long had an affair with another woman, a Mrs. Gorce, widow of a brother officer, but he cannot tell Aithra. He knows that Leidig wants to end the affair but that Mrs. Gorce refuses to let him.

Joel's brother officers on the Spearman are Lieutenant James Horus, executive officer; Lieutenant Chenoweth, first lieutenant; Lieutenant Dennis Karnell, torpedo officer; Lieutenant Dorne and Ensign Starling.

The Spearman is not a taut ship. Leidig's mental condition has relaxed discipline and morale is at a low ebb. The ship has a bad name in the fleet. Joel brings up the gunnery and makes a notable record at the targets. Leidig seems to be gaining some mastery over himself. The ship's morale improves.

The destroyer division is ordered from Manila to Shanghai, and there the smoldering fire breaks out into flame. Mrs. Gorce forces herself on Aithra and tells her the whole story. Aithra, horrified, tells her husband everything. Leidig blames Joel for all the trouble. He bursts into Joel's cabin with threats and accusations. His eyes black with hate, he tells Joel that he will not give Aithra up—that he will kill them both if they persist in their love.



● Leidig interrupted her. He was in uniform, pale and disheveled and shaking. He fumbled along the darkened hallway like a blind man. "Who is it?" he asked.

PART SIX—"HE DID LOVE ME, AFTER ALL"

"YOU wouldn't do that," I said. "Get out of here before I—"

"Oh, Christ, what are we saying?"

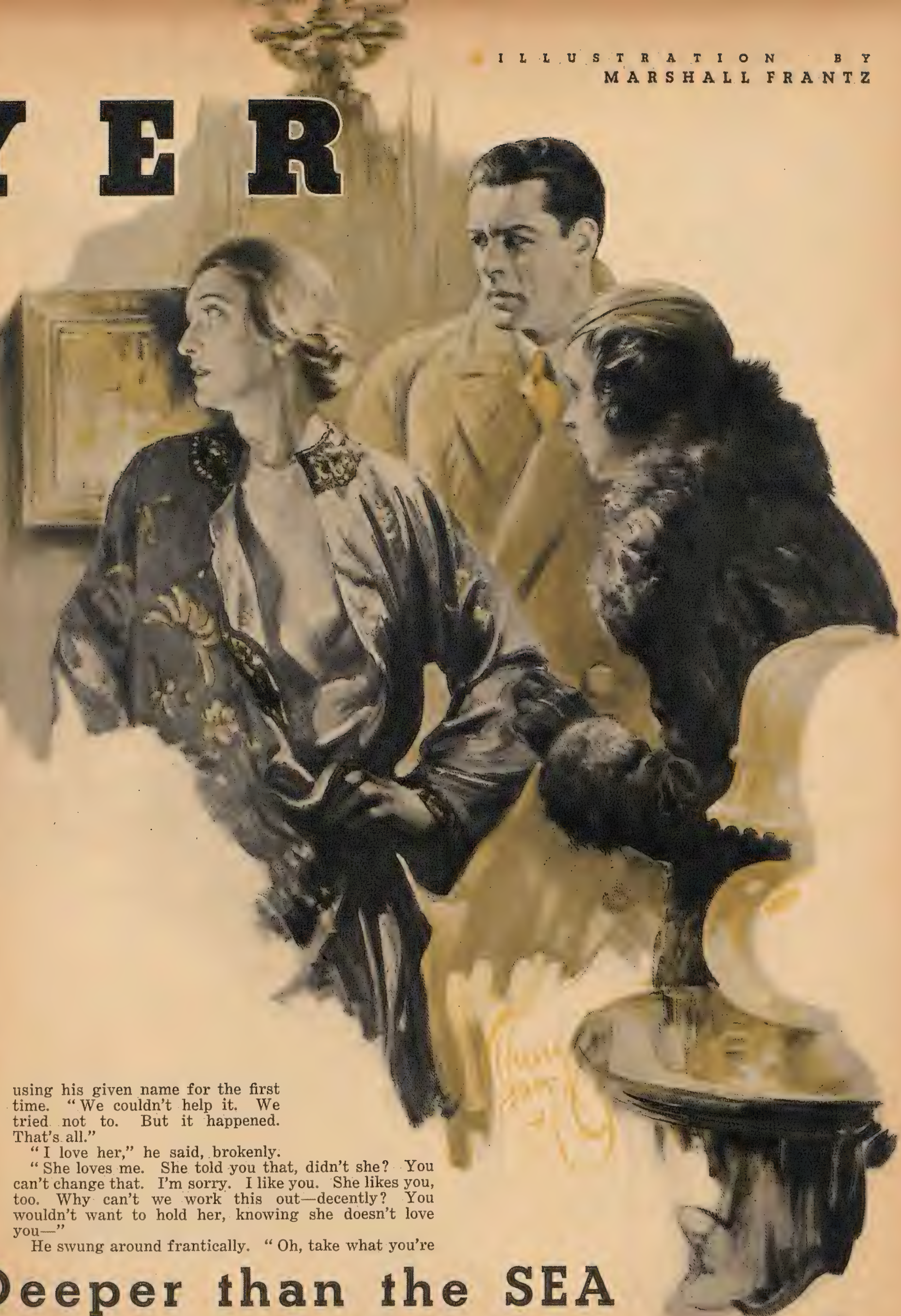
Suddenly Leidig walked stiff-legged to the desk and sank down on my chair, gasping. My anger and contempt and cruelty left me. I had the wretched feeling that he was in the right and I bestially wrong.

"You—you mustn't take it this way, Jack," I said,

A Novel of a LOVE

ILLUSTRATION BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

YER



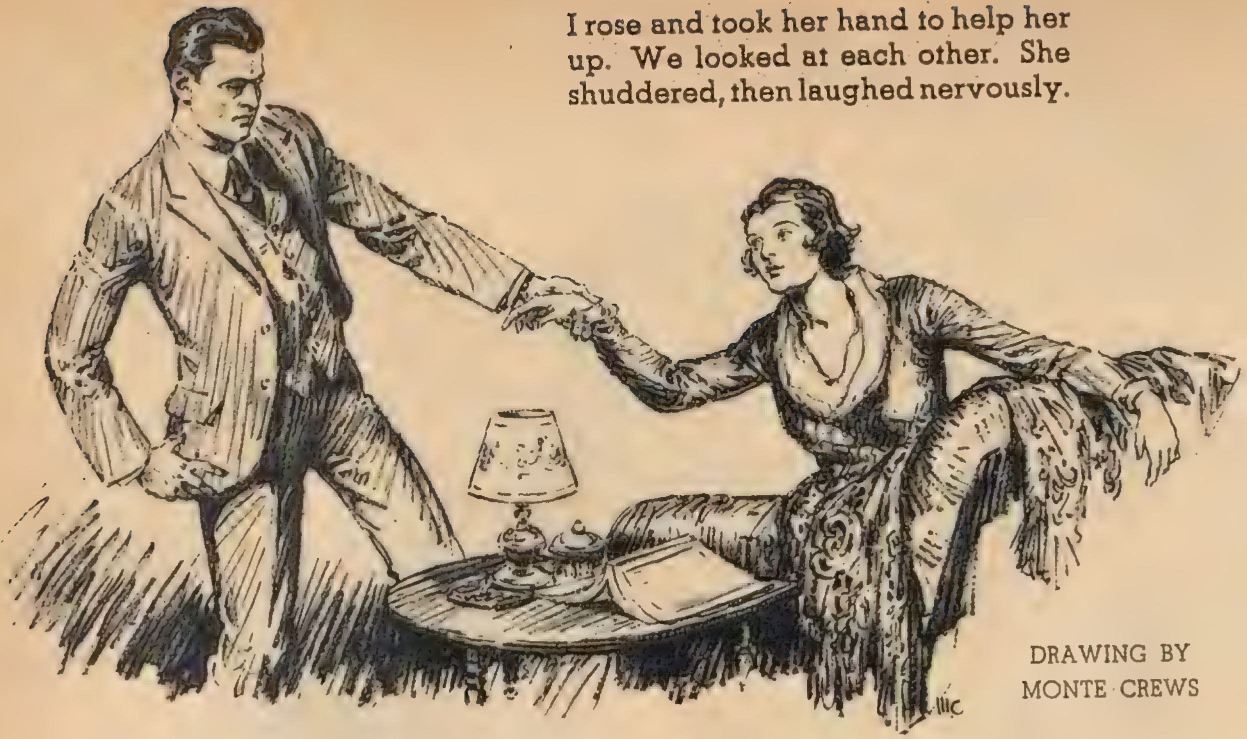
using his given name for the first time. "We couldn't help it. We tried not to. But it happened. That's all."

"I love her," he said, brokenly.

"She loves me. She told you that, didn't she? You can't change that. I'm sorry. I like you. She likes you, too. Why can't we work this out—decently? You wouldn't want to hold her, knowing she doesn't love you—"

He swung around frantically. "Oh, take what you're

Deeper than the SEA



I rose and took her hand to help her up. We looked at each other. She shuddered, then laughed nervously.

DRAWING BY MONTE CREWS

after! She'll let you. Get it over with. I'll give you two weeks' furlough—"

"We don't want that."

His grisly grin haunted me for months.

"Yes, you do. That's all it is. You're young. Take it. I won't try to stop you. But I want her back. You hear? I want her back!"

"No."

"She won't leave me. I know her too well. She's disgusted now about Emma. But—she's wrong—about Emma. I haven't treated Emma badly. I've been too damn' kind to her." He got to his feet, rubbing a shaky hand across his face. "You know how it was with Emma. A man gets hungry for a certain kind of woman. He thinks it's only going to be an incident. You know how it is, don't you, Joel?"

"Yes."

"Hell, I was ready to quit Emma in a month. But I couldn't break it off. Then—we got used to each other. Each time I tried to get away, she worked on my sympathy. I was fond of her. I admit it. But Aithra—she takes Emma's side. That's what floored me. Usually they're like tiger cats—women."

HIS emotionalism had worn itself out. As I talked I saw he was trying to conceal his wound from himself by evasive rationalizations. He had an instinctive horror of finalities.

"Aithra's sympathy for Mrs. Gorce is only a small part of it," I said. "Naturally she was shocked by the story. Gorce killed himself, didn't he?"

"Emma lied to me, Joel. Said he didn't care. Said he had found another woman. Oh, I'm not excusing myself! I've paid. But a man shouldn't be hounded all his days by one mistake. Aithra's too generous to—"

"That isn't it, I tell you!"

"You don't know her as well as I." Then, with an abrupt change of front: "I'm sorry I lost my head, Joel. The news knocked me in a heap. And the liquor—and no sleep. I hope you'll forgive me. Acted like a damn' fool. Let's try to forget it, eh?"

I said bluntly, "Aithra wants a divorce."

"We'll wait a while. Then, if she's still of the same mind—all right."

And he stalked out.

I dressed in a fury at myself for not having settled the issue. I had allowed Leidig to go away clutching false hopes. He had spread his life between Aithra and me. We were asking what I had thought would be a simple act—that he pick up his life and go away. But he did not intend to do that.

Dennis walked in, wearing cits.

"You're not going to resign?" I said.

"Gave the letter to Hansen. Was going to anyway."

"Oh, hell, Dennis! Don't quit us."

"Sorry, old kid, but I've got to."

"Well—I'll be on the outside too, I suppose."

"Leidig going to give you a court for falling in love with his wife?"

"Oh—you caught on?"

"Caught on? Good golly, you were talking loud enough to let all Shanghai know!"

I told him the whole story. Dennis ran a hand through his blond hair. His eyes, an oddly bright blue in his dark face, stared through me.

"Leidig will go to pot now. And she won't desert him. And then what?"

"She'll get a divorce. She's promised."

"I hope for both of your sakes that she's hard enough to do that. Neither of you has any talent for adultery."

"It wouldn't be that, anyway."

"No?" Dennis eyed me speculatively, as he spoke.

"No. We love each other enough to justify anything."

Dennis's white smile was compassionate.

"When love has to justify anything, it can't justify itself."

Leidig had gone ashore. News of our quarrel and its cause had spread among my brothers in arms. There was a general atmosphere of embarrassment and tension at the breakfast table. Horus was profoundly disturbed. Dorne was shocked and horrified. Both he and Horus believed the worst as a matter of course.

CHENOWETH, who had the day's duty, came in when we were halfway through the meal.

"'Morning," he said to the wardroom in general. His large brown eyes smiled at me as if to say, "So you're misunderstood too! But I understand."

As I went topside to catch the first boat for the Customs Jetty landing, Chief McDermott approached diffidently.

"Good morning, sir. Shall I hold the gun crews for drill later in the day, sir?"

Gun crews? Drill?

"No. You drill them, chief. I'm going to be busy ashore."

"Aye, aye, sir."

I wanted to see Aithra. . . .

She was watching Tommy Godown, the number one boy, superintend the work of several coolies who were laying a fresh border of powdered shells around the lily pond.

"Good morning, dear," I said.

"Oh—you! I'm so glad. I thought you'd have to work in the ship until evening."

There were shadows under her eyes. She had not slept very long, if at all.

"I told Horus I'd work from daylight to dark the rest of the week to make up for it. I had to see you. I'd have jumped ship!"

She smiled intimately and squeezed my arm.

We entered a cold somber hall—teakwood and ebony furniture and rugs with venerable sallow colors. I put my arms around her in the gloom and we kissed.

"Dear little sweetheart. Was it so bad?"

"Ghastly, Joel."

"I know. He came to my room this morning."

Her eyes clouded.

"It was almost murder."

"We did the only thing we could have done."

"Yes—except lie to him."

"That would have made it worse in the end."

In the living room, Aithra slipped out of her topcoat and sat down on a frowsy leather divan. She looked utterly exhausted. I drew her close.

"It's going to come out all right, Aithra."

"He did love me, after all."

"I love you more," I said quickly.

"Do you, Joel? Would you look as bloody as he did if I sent you away?"

My jealousy stirred.

"Why are you thinking so much about him? I'm thinking about us."

"He's part of us, Joel. Tell me—what did he say to you?"

I recounted the scene in my room.

"He was kinder to you," she said. "He wouldn't hit me or swear at me. I wanted him to, but he wouldn't. He didn't even make any defense of his treatment of her. He just stood there"—she nodded to a spot beside the fireplace—"and tapped a finger on his class ring, and got older—a year older each minute—until I wanted to cry out, 'Stop!' And when I finally managed to say all I knew I must say, he looked at me and said, 'I love you.' And I ran out of the room and hid upstairs and locked my door and threw the key somewhere with my eyes shut so I'd have to hunt for it. I felt as if I had stabbed him and left him dead. Then, after a long time, I found the key and I crept downstairs—with bandages—and he was gone."

I felt a horrible distrust of her.

"Are you sure—you don't love him?"

"Oh, Joel—"

She put her arms around me and kissed me fiercely. Passion awakened between us and we fled into its hot exciting forgetfulness.

"Let's go somewhere—and—" I said unsteadily.

"I want to!"

"Where?"

"Kiss me!"

"Come—let's—"

I rose and took her hand to help her up. We looked at each other. She shuddered, then laughed nervously.

"Joel!"

"Well—"

"Oh, here's Martha." She arose hastily. "Yes, Martha; what is it?"

"Are you having lunch here, ma'am?"

"Yes. For two, please."

SHE came back to me and patted my hand.

"Narrow escape, Joel."

"Yes."

"Would we, do you suppose?"

"I would have," I admitted gruffly.

She flushed scarlet.

At luncheon Aithra said abruptly: "What did Jack do—afterward?"

I said, "Went ashore."

"He'll go to her, won't he?"

"Perhaps."

"I suppose he'll send for his things."

"No. He thinks you'll weaken and take him back."

"Never—that. I only pity him."

"I'm afraid of your capacity for pity."

She smiled reassuringly.

"It would work for you too; and more strongly." Then, sobering: "Give me a little time. I'll harden. I mean to harden."

"You ought to go back to the States. Right away. Promise me you will. You're not safe here. You know how it will be. The gossip—and all his friends hounding you. You must go back to the States. I'll try for a transfer."

"I won't run, Joel."

She sent me back to the ship immediately after luncheon, explaining that she had promised Mrs. Hatfield to go with her to see an officer's wife who was in the hospital.

HORUS met me at the gangway. His beefiness of face had turned to red granite.

"A word with you in my office."

I followed him below to his room.

"H'mph—I suppose you are aware that this ship fires Long Range Battle next week?"

"Yes, sir."

"H'mph. I—er—assume you will be applying for transfer?"

"Yes, sir. I'm sorry to leave the Spearman, but I think it best—under the circumstances."

"Yes. You couldn't very well stay on. But you will be with us for the firing. I am sure Captain Leidig will not want to recommend a transfer until we return."

"I suppose not, sir."

"Here is an extra OGE in case you have misplaced yours. There is an important change in torpedo firing, you will note. Engines are to be stopped and torpedoes discharged during headway. Ahem—Karnell and I have been studying the matter for several weeks. He appears to have his tubes and fish in great shape."

"They would be, sir," I said. "Dennis is an officer."

He nodded. As I arose to leave he heaved his pudgy form around and said, "You are an officer, too. I—er—well, I'm sorry you'll be leaving us."

"Thank you, sir!"

Shamed out of my long absorption in my own affairs, I went to my room to change into uniform and get to work. There was a letter on my desk addressed in a strange feminine hand. It read as follows:

Dear Mr. Tiernan:

Dennis has written of you so often that I feel you are my friend as well as his. And he has given you such a sympathetic character! It makes me feel very bold to approach you in this way. I feel, too, despite what the doctors and nurses say, that I should make haste in setting my small world to rights as nearly as it is given any one to do that.

I do not want Dennis to resign from the navy. He loves the sea and his ship and his friends in the service. I have tried to persuade him that it would make me very unhappy for him to leave his first love. It has been kinder to him than chance has allowed me to be. But he thinks I am a special pleader; that I am trying to keep him in his profession because I would be a burden to him if he settled down ashore.

The truth is, I shall not be a burden to any one very long. I have tried to write this to Dennis, but each time my pen splutters (it has done that again!)

Of course you would

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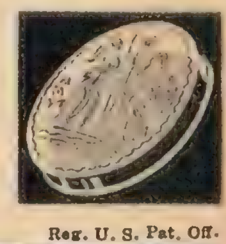

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MUST THE OLD CAR GO

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and I have begun a new page without telling him. I find it so much easier to tell you. Dennis has been so full of plans for our life together—my fear of hurting him, I think, has kept me alive.

Perhaps you can find some way to tell him. It would be the kindest thing you ever did for a friend. I want Dennis to have something left. He is too young to lose it all.

Please excuse this wretched, shaky writing. It is a poor salutation and farewell, I know. I had hoped to meet you some day and to thank you for being Dennis's friend.

If you do find the courage to tell Dennis, describe it as something that may happen any minute, so he won't try to rush home. I want him to remember me at my best.

Sincerely,
MARY BRYSON.

I put the letter in my pocket. Assuming that Leidig had started the resignation to Washington, it could be recalled only through friendly official channels. I doubted whether Dennis would change his decision anyway.

Hurrying topside, I endeavored to turn my thoughts back to the ship.

I sent for Chief McDermott.

"Let's get to work on the guns, Mac," I said.

McDermott's relieved grin was good to see.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Mac," I said impulsively, "I've been a rotten shirker since we came to China. But I'm back on the job. It isn't too late—to fire a good practice, is it?"

He gave me a fatherly grin.

"No, sir; it isn't. As far as we're concerned." Then, grave again, "If *he* puts her on the line, sir."

"He'll put her on the line," I said none too confidently.

It was almost dark when we knocked off work. I descended from the gun platform amidships, and met Dennis near the gangway. He was in uniform.

"You haven't been working all afternoon," I said.

"No. I was ashore."

MARY'S letter crackled in my pocket as I went down the ladder. I waited for Dennis in the passageway, trying to decide.

I could not speak of it, however, and Dennis gave me an excuse to evade by saying in a low tone, "I saw Leidig on the Bund."

"Alone?"

"No. Mrs. Gorce was with him. He was drunk."

Dennis followed me to my room.

"I thought he was on his feet for good," I said.

"You've taken his mainstay."

"I didn't take her. We saw each other. That's all."

"Yes; I suppose it had to happen." I turned on him viciously.

"Don't be so soft-gutted about Leidig! He's no friend of yours. If he wants to crack up, that's his lookout."

"I'm thinking of the ship, Joel," Dennis replied.

"You're quitting the ship. You've resigned."

"It's still my ship."

"What do you think I should do? Stage a revival meeting to save his soul? To hell with him! He's had his chance."

"Not much of a chance since you came along."

"Rot! If he'd taken this like a man he'd be a man. He's playing the baby. He's doing it deliberately. He thinks he can play on Aithra's sympathy and win her back. And you're just mush-head enough to fall for his little game."

"It isn't a game. It's a massacre."

"Call it what you like. Aithra and I are all washed up with poor dear Jack."

SIGHING, Dennis said, "No, you're not. He is still between you. He'll always be, I'm afraid."

"Oh, pipe down!" I growled. "We're not such conscientious damn' fools as you."

"Thank you," he said stiffly, and walked off.

I saw Leidig the next morning.

Genrine, one of my gun pointers, and Saprisi, a loader, had overstayed shore liberty. They, with four other delinquents, had been brought to mast on the well deck for trial and sentence by the captain.

Horus, McDermott, Brinkman, and I, together with several petty officers and the accused bluejackets, were ranged around a pedestal stand set near number one stack.

"Tell the captain all ready at mast," Horus ordered.

Leidig appeared presently from officers' hatch. My heart sank. He was drunk and looked a wreck.

"'Morning."

"Good morning, sir."

He ignored me.

Brinkman, in deference to me, had set my cases first.

Genrine stepped forward and identified himself.

"This man was absent without leave for eleven hours the 22d and 23d instant, sir. Lieutenant Tiernan would like to explain the matter, I believe, sir."

"Well?" Leidig did not look in my direction.

I began a recital of the facts as McDermott had verified them. Leidig listened, staring straight ahead. I finished by saying, "I am convinced that Genrine saved the youngster from desertion and probably from being shanghaied, sir. He is a valuable man and I think he deserves leniency."

Leidig's flushed face drew taut.

"We are not in the business of wet-nursing the Tradgett's deserters," he snapped. "Ten days in the brig!"

"But, sir, we fire Long Range next week and—" McDermott began.

"Next case!"

I turned on my heel and walked away. I went to my room and wrote out my request for a transfer from the Spearman and handed it to Yeoman Hansen. I worked all day checking the fire-control system. And in the evening—

"Joel! It's been so long!"

"Yes. I had to work."

"I'm jealous of that ship."

"I love you much more."

"Come on—I've been waiting dinner. Afterward we'll go some place. Will you take me to a Chinese theater?"

"To ten Chinese theaters!"

We were together each evening. We did not once speak Leidig's name or make any reference to him. We lost ourselves in a blind determined selfishness.

Our kisses were enough, we said; our love was sweet.

Finally, "Joel?"

"Yes."

"Have you seen anything of Jack?"

"Well, not for several days."

"How was he?"

"In pretty bad shape."

"Drinking?"

"Yes."

"Still—suffering?"

"Yes."

She pressed my arm. We looked at each other in the light of a street lamp. Her eyes welled with tears.

"If he's not better—soon—I—"

I would not let her finish. I said, "He'll be all right. We're sailing tomorrow for Chefoo. We'll fire a good practice and he'll take a brace. Don't you worry."

"I'm afraid, Joel. I'm afraid!"

I was afraid too; but I said, "The ship will help us. You wait and see." . . .

Course 357. Bound north to the Yellow Sea. Leidig had come aboard sallow-faced and jittery. He turned the ship over to Horus as soon as we cleared Woosung and went below to his cabin.

Captain Hatfield had designated us as the first firing ship, in reward for our short-range record off Manila. We must maneuver on the firing course as a member of the division, following the flagship in number two position. The people in the Tradgett, Willoughby, and Bradshaw would be watching us. In addition, three strange destroyers were coming from Chefoo to act as torpedo targets, and the aircraft tender Jason would have a number of observing planes overhead.

I HEARD Horus promising Dorne he would give him prompt warning when we were to increase speed from five to twenty-five knots. Chenoweth surprised me by agreeing to help Starling with a stack of messages that had to be decoded.

And Horus went into conference with Dennis to select the four most reliable torpedoes.

In all this Leidig took no part.

I stopped at Hansen's office on my way to take the midwatch. His typewriter was clicking.

"By the way, Hansen," I said, "did the captain send my application for transfer along?"

"He gave it to me, but it hasn't been mailed, sir. Perhaps you'd like to see—"

He rummaged through a letter file and handed me the application.

"Oh—" I said, passing it back.

My request for transfer had been indorsed as follows: "Not recommended. We need this officer. *(Signed)* John Leidig, Lieut. Commander, U. S. N."

"The captain held up Mr. Karnell's resignation too, sir," Hansen volunteered. "I'm to see him about it when we return to Shanghai."

"Oh—did he? Thanks."

I ran up the ladder to the well deck, my heart light. This could mean, I thought, only one thing. The ship had spoken to Leidig.

WE were steaming down the line at twenty-five knots and our prow was a bright sharp knife. Target and towing tug were in sight about four miles off the Tradgett's bow. The flagship led us through choppy yellow water toward our imaginary enemy. Behind us, the Bradshaw and the Willoughby were confederates in the plot, their foremasts nodding encouragement.

We charged, as a column of four destroyers, that small black object smoking in the distance.

General quarters! Alarm gongs clanged all over the ship. Standing in the fire-control station above the bridge, I watched our bluejackets pop out of hatches and take battle posts on the double quick.

Our guns swung forward, accentuating abruptly the visual roll and pitch of the ship. Torpedo tubes, blunter and more terrible, changed from shrouded forms into machines.

Flags bloomed suddenly on the Tradgett's yardarm. I heard Starling's voice interpreting for the bridge: "Signal flying. Change course to right to three three four degrees, sir!"

"Two block." Was that Leidig who answered?

"Execute."

The firing was over. We rated a highly satisfactory score. I started down the ladder to the bridge. I wanted to make sure of Leidig's miraculous recovery.

Leidig was not there. Horus was standing near the helmsman, conning ship. Leidig was not on the bridge at all. I turned back, stupefied, and started below to the wardroom.

Chenoweth emerged from officers' hatch.

"How did it go, Joel?"

"Very well."

"Sorry I couldn't see it. I've been with Leidig since morning."

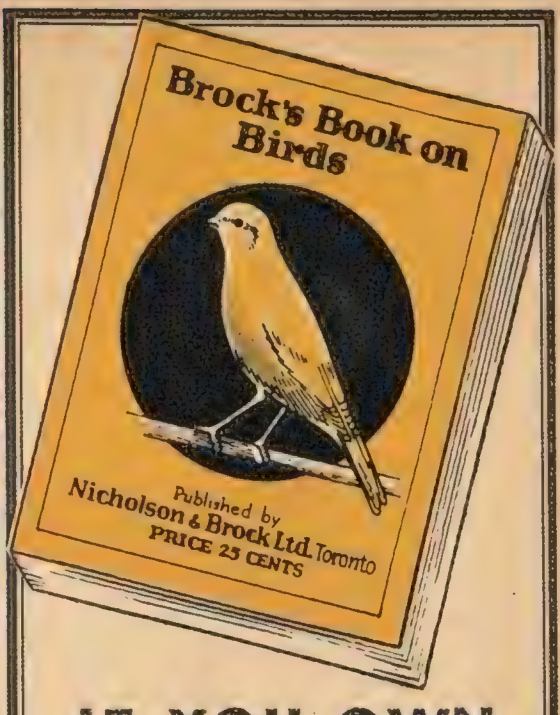
"How is he?"

A shrug.

"Dead drunk. Won't sober up."

"Dead drunk?" I echoed dully—and wanted to weep.

Shanghai again. We did not dock this time, but anchored farther down the Whangpoo. Aithra was waiting for me at the Customs Jetty. It was late afternoon.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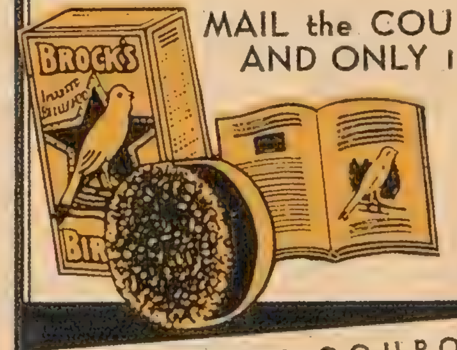

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"Joel! What happened?" she questioned me anxiously.

"Nothing, dear," I said.

She knew better, but asked no questions until we were in the car going to her house. She was wearing a fur coat and a brown felt turban. Her beauty eased the pain of China. She drew close against me on the seat.

"A good firing?" she asked, placing her hand on mine.

"Captain Hatfield was pleased."

"Kiss me."

"I love you."

She grew rigid in my arms.

"Joel — look at me. Something is terribly wrong. It's hurting you. I know—Jack!"

"Yes."

"He didn't—"

"Oh, it was ghastly. We had a ship. We pulled ourselves together. And he got drunk and played sick on firing day. Horus lied for him. It was his big chance—"

"Where is he?"

"Don't know. Left as soon as we dropped the hook, for a conference in the flag."

"Did Captain Hatfield find out?"

"No. But every man in the ship knows."

At dinner we were silent, and finally Aithra put down her fork.

"I've got to go to him, Joel! Right now."

"That's just what he did it for," I said bitterly. "It's merely a sniveling scheme to win your sympathy."

"You don't mean that."

"I do mean it. He's playing the baby—"

"I'm going, Joel."

She stood up. Her shadow was lovely on the lacquered panels of the dining-room wall, but her eyes angered me.

WE found Leidig and Mrs. Gorce in an American apartment on Foochow Road.

Mrs. Gorce came to the door. It was still quite early, but she was in negligee, wearing a flowered mandarin coat over pyjamas. This attire ill became her. Too frivolous for the heavy fleshy curves of her body, it thrust her sexual charm forward like an obscene gesture. Her face showed the marks of an unaccustomed dissipation; her bold eyes were heavy-lidded and pouchy; her wide mouth had an unwholesome rueful pout.

"Oh—good evening," she said. Then, alarmed, "What is it?" she asked.

"Is Captain Leidig here?" Aithra asked, her voice showing a hostility I had never heard in it before.

"Yes, he is. I'm nursing him. I've just got him to sleep. He had a hard trip on the boat."

"I want to see him, please."

Her sharp tone did not disturb Mrs. Gorce. She regarded Aithra with patient tolerance.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Leidig, but you'll have to stick to your agreement. We talked it all over, you recollect, and decided Jack should come back to me."

"He's sick. He should be in a hospital. He should have a doctor and a nurse. I insist that you—"

"Now, please go away. You're just making this harder for all of us. I'm sure Mr. Tiernan feels as I do." She looked at me sympathetically. "How about it, Mr. Tiernan?"

I WANTED to side with her. But I was seeing now what Aithra had seen in one quick glance. There was something terrifying about this absurdly garbed woman. The neat placid matter-of-factness had broken. Between the relaxed lines about mouth and eyes, something ugly, something guilty, was seeping through. It was not the greater sin; a woman can carry that without a trace, while a man's face is haggard. It was the peccadillo, the drinking and deliberate passion by which she had been trying to hold Leidig. Such things leave no mark upon a man, but they had scarred her hideously.

"Mrs. Leidig merely wants to talk to him," I said. "It would only take a minute."

"I'm sorry, but I have to say no. It wouldn't—"

Leidig interrupted her. He was in uniform, pale and disheveled and shaking. He fumbled along the darkened hallway like a blind man.

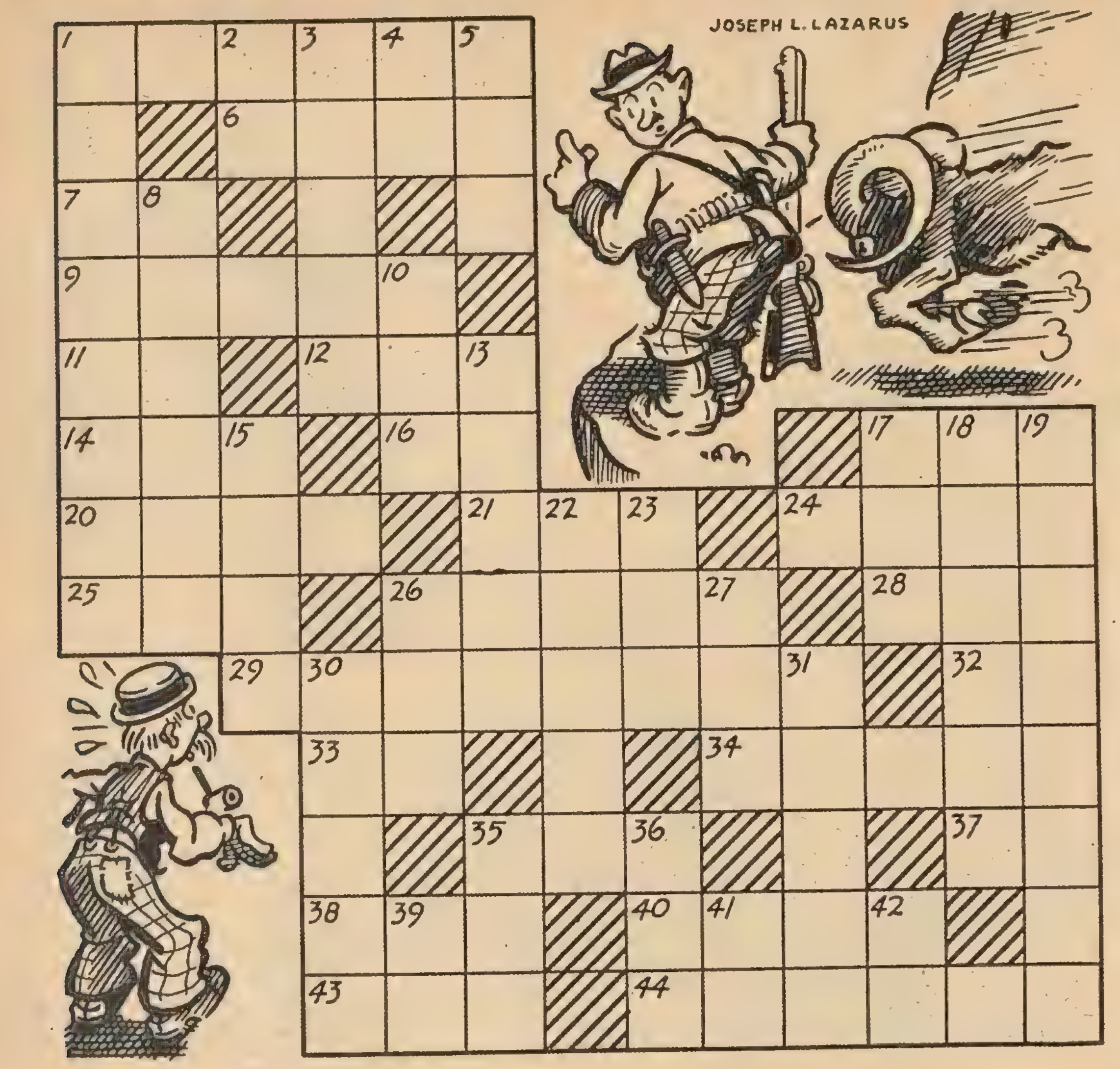
"Who is it?" he asked.

What will come from the meeting of those four, husband, wife, lover, and mistress? Will Leidig give Aithra and Joel their chance? Will Aithra still persist in believing that her duty lies with her husband? In next week's issue of this powerful story you will find a startling and dramatic crisis in the affairs of Aithra and Joel.

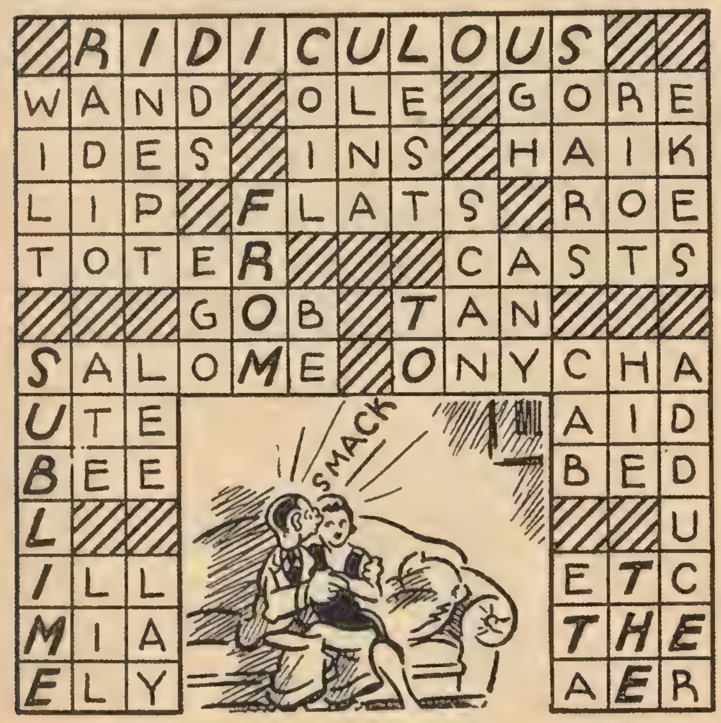
Keep This List Handy When Reading Your Newspaper

AAA	Agricultural Adjustment Administration
CAB	Consumers' Advisory Board
CC	Consumers' Council
CCC	Civilian Conservation Corps
CCC	Commodity Credit Corporation
CSB	Central Statistical Board
CWA	Civil Works Administration
DDC	District Directors of Compliance
DMC	Dairy Marketing Corporation
EC	Executive Council
ECNR	Executive Council for National Recovery
ECPC	Executive Commercial Policy Committee
EHFA	Electrical Home and Farm Authority
FACA	Federal Alcohol Control Administration
FCA	Farm Credit Administration
FCT	Federal Coördinator of Transportation
FDIC	Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation
FEAPW	Federal Emergency Administration for Public Works
FEHC	Federal Emergency Housing Corporation
FERA	Federal Emergency Relief Administration
FESB	Federal Employment Stabilization Board
FFCA	Federal Farm Credit Association
FHLBB	Federal Home Loan Bank Board
FRA	Federal Relief Administrator
FSHC	Federal Subsistence Homesteads Corporation
FSRC	Federal Surplus Relief Corporation
GSC	Grain Stabilization Corporation
HOLC	Home Owners' Loan Corporation
IAB	Industrial Advisory Board
IBRT	Interdepartmental Board on Reciprocal Treaties
ICC	Interstate Commerce Commission
ITPC	Interdepartmental Trade Policy Committee
LAB	Labor Advisory Board
NAC	National Advisory Committee
NCB	National Compliance Board
NEC	National Emergency Council
NIRA	National Industrial Recovery Act
NIRB	National Industrial Recovery Board
NLB	National Labor Board
NPB	National Planning Board
NRA	National Recovery Administration
NRDTA	National Retail Drug Trade Authority
NRTC	National Retail Trade Council
NRTEB	National Retail Trade Economic Board
PAB	Petroleum Administrative Board
PCC	Production Credit Corporation
PRA	Presidential Reëmployment Agreements
PWA	Public Works Administration
PWEHC	Public Works Emergency Housing Corporation
RDTA	Retail Drug Trade Authority
RFC	Reconstruction Finance Corporation
RTA	Retail Trade Authority
RTC	Retail Trade Council
SAB	Science Advisory Board
SBPW	Special Board of Public Works
SHD	Subsistence Homestead Division
SRB	State Recovery Board
SRC	Surplus Relief Corporation
TCFT	Temporary Committee on Foreign Trade
TVA	Tennessee Valley Authority

CROSS WORDS



After solving the cross word puzzle see if you can find the saying suggested in the drawing among the words in the completed puzzle.



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Answer to last week's puzzle

HORIZONTAL

1 Swampy
6 Begone!
7 Pronoun
9 At no time
11 Tantalum (abbr.)
12 Strike gently
14 One indifferently
16 Mother
17 Because
20 Frosted
21 Chart
24 Stare with open mouth
25 Modern
26 A narcotic
28 An underworld god
29 Foreigner
32 Point of compass
33 Prefix: again
34 Souvenir
35 A measure of yarn
37 Stanza (abbr.)
38 To prize
40 Observed
43 Period preceding some event
44 In a circuit

VERTICAL

1 An elevation
2 Rupees (abbr.)
3 Cud-chewing animal
4 Halloo!
5 Personal pronoun
8 Session
10 Butt against violently
13 City in Florida
15 A kind of tree (pl.)
17 A hobby
18 Thinks
19 Felt displeasure
22 Once (Scot.)
23 A kind of dog
26 A native metal
27 Encountered
30 A figure of speech
31 A Shakespearean character
35 A strong caustic
36 A man's name
39 Revised version (abbr.)
41 Suffix: one who
42 Greek letter

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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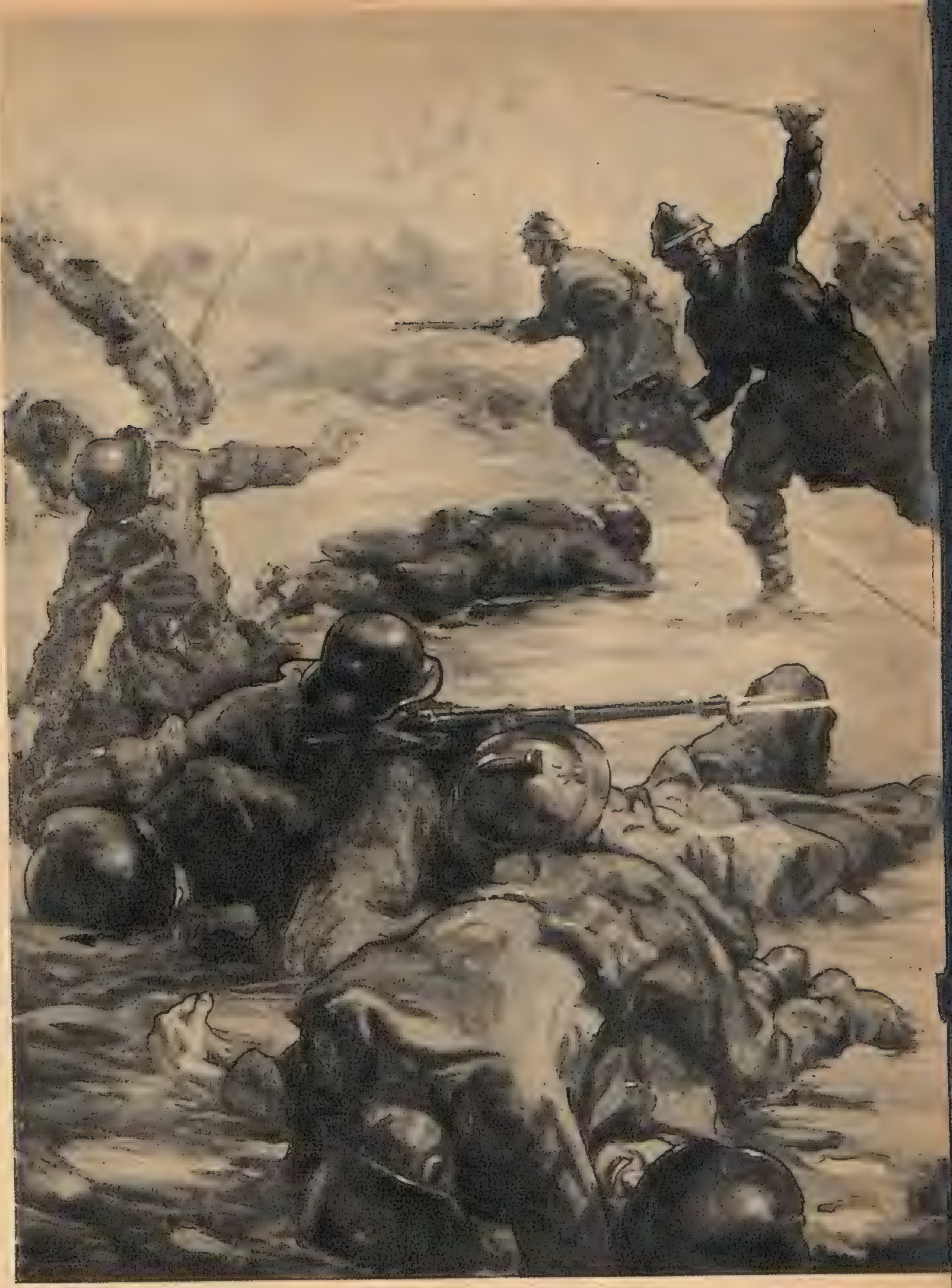
ROBERT A. CAMERON

"Where in Hell Are We Going?"—The Blast of Doom—Knives in a Shambles—Ripped Open—U. S. Grant's Grandson and Beauregard's Cousin—Lost Legion



RENDE

AN AMERICAN FIGHTER'S

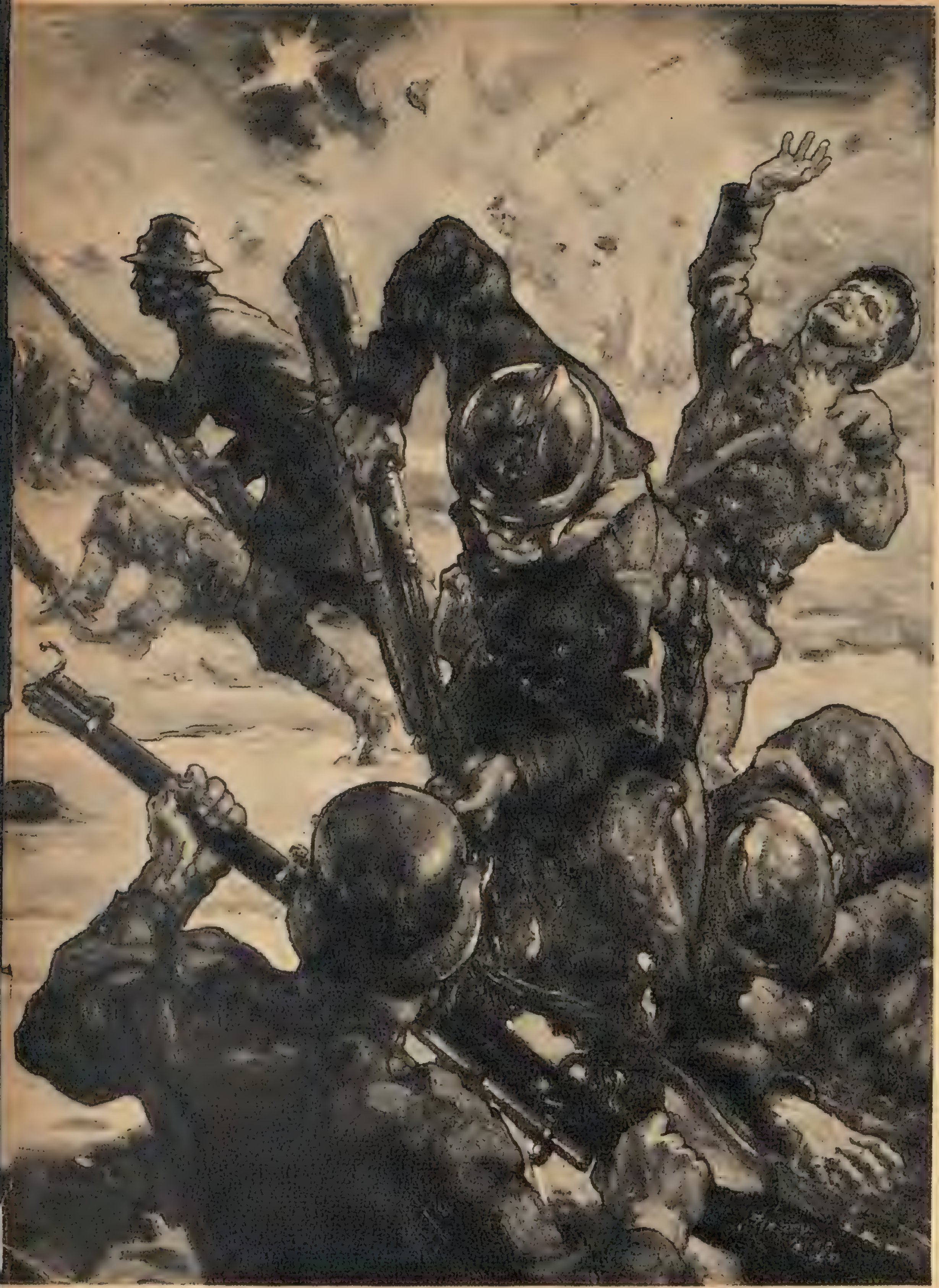
READING TIME • 16 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

THE Germans' terrific attack near Soissons in January, 1915, afforded the battle scene that made last week's installment of Rendezvous sensational. The attack was planned as a triumphant celebration of the Kaiser's birthday.

A surprise was sprung, a new weapon: hand grenades. But after the Legion and other French units had taken fearful punishment and lost ground, a volcanic concentration of .75s spoiled the good news for Wilhelin.

Edgar Bouligny told also of the tragic death of his American comrade Phelizot; of the attempt of two Belgians to desert to the enemy, and its fatal consequences; of his own promotion to sergeant; of how the iron Captain Sandre dealt with a cowardly American malcontent, and with a mutiny among the Legion's Russians; and of a gay celebration in Paris, on special leave, of the Fourth of July.

In September the entire Legion, after rest and a review in the Vosges, was entrained and sent to Châlons-sur-Marne to take part in the great Battle of Champagne.



"Come on, children! Do you not see that bullets spurn the brave?" A wave of the cane. Our time had come. Up we swarmed . . . Instantly more hell ripped into us.

ILLUSTRATION BY HENRY ALAN

by

EDGAR BOULIGNY

as told to

WILLIAM ROBERTSON

ZVOUS

PART FOUR

THE DEVIL'S CHAMPAGNE

ONE day was allowed us to recover from the train ride. Then we marched over a desolate country. As we drew nearer Suippes, heavy shells exploded off the road.

"Where in hell are we going?" The cry went up along the marching line, for there was no sign of trenches.

We were halted in a heavy forest. Now for a good night's sleep! We rolled into our blankets, only to be rolled out again shortly and participate in trench digging.

Shells burst everywhere. One dropped in the middle of my section, ripping off part of Captain Sandre's right shoulder. He was to recover and rejoin his command.

For two days and nights a veritable symphony of hell had been playing. One more day and night of bombardment, then we would hop over the top. New uniforms for everybody—to minimize the danger of infection for the wounded.

Everybody was on edge. Alan Seeger, I think, was the coolest one of the lot. He said, "I would not change places with any one back of the front. Tomorrow we may die, but we shall die gloriously. And if we die we shall live again—and gloriously."

AMAZING TRUE ADVENTURES

A youthful Legionnaire on outpost duty at Lassigny. His weapon is a Suchard rifle—later known as a "chaut-chaut." At top, Arab Legionnaires with a 37-millimeter gun. Bouligny took both pictures.

" Well, tomorrow starts at midnight," I said, looking at my watch. And we all shook hands.

At 12:15 we filed off to the trenches a few yards behind the front lines. The Moroccans were ahead of us. They were to constitute the first wave of the assault. The Legion was to follow.

Three o'clock. The firing all along had been terrific. Over our heads pythons of flame burst forth. Our jaws clattered from the vibration. Our eardrums seemed to leap from our heads.

Captain Lalas was beside me. Catching sight of a youngster seeking cover, he grasped the lad by the arm and shouted at the first lull, " You simpleton, don't you see that noise comes from the guns behind you? "

Unknown to the Germans, batteries had been brought up only twenty-five yards in our rear.

A French Legionnaire was the first one to get the idea. Tearing open his first-aid kit, he stuffed his ears with cotton. Others quickly followed his example. But I could not. I must hear. That went with being a sergeant. However, I expected to be stone-deaf in a few minutes.

If I could only see!

A rumbling blast like the shaft of doom resounded from across no man's land. A red flare shot heavenward. More deep-throated rumbling. Flashes like miles of burning magnesium ribbon. The sky resembled a sea of blazing oil.

A French shell had made a bull's-eye on a German ammunition dump. " Thanks for the light! " I thought. I knew now where we were.

Rain—but this game would not be called off on account of wet grounds. Dawn struggled through the clouds. Nothing to do but wait for orders.

The waiting was working a frightful strain on us. Shells were falling everywhere, it seemed, except in our trench. Quite impossible for more to be fired, we felt. Then the .77s of the Germans unlimbered in untold numbers. It seemed certain that no one could live for a moment beyond those trenches.

NINE o'clock. The attack was on. The Moroccans and colonials were getting away just ahead of us. We could not see the departure trench. We thought we could guess what it was like. We were to find ourselves mistaken. Orders came to begin closing forward. A young cyclist, looking more the choir boy than the soldier, a cherubic smile on his gentle face, pedaled by on his way from company commander to company commander.

Crash! A high-trajectory shell dropped in on us. A youngster of my section fell, then staggered toward me, holding out his right hand. All his fingers had been shot away. Blood was streaming from the stumps as from a sprinkling can.

" *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* " he shouted.

I grabbed him by the right wrist and choked off the crimson rivulets. " Hold it like this with your other hand! " I yelled in his ear, and I tore off my necktie and knotted and twisted it until it almost cut into his wrist. " Beat it for the Boyau Martinique," I said, pointing to the trench designated for the wounded.

We moved ahead a few steps. Then the full meaning of what that shell had done dawned upon me. A big section of the trench had collapsed. There, lying on his back with his shattered bicycle near, was the young acolyte, still smiling. The color was gone from his face; he was quite dead. Eight or ten more quivering half-buried devils were beside him. One was sitting up. He had a chunk of steel in his abdomen.

" How about you, comrade? "

" I'm in bad shape." But he laughed. He was of the kind who laugh when they fight and when they die. No chance to do anything for him. The departure trench was just ahead.

" FORWARD! " We moved up, avoiding as best we could the wounded whose faces our hobnails grazed.

The departure trench had layers of corrugated iron. Machine-gun bullets were raining on it like hailstones. Shrieks, groans, cries in Arabic. Leg wounds, head wounds, gut wounds, confusion, torment. We stood in the midst of it for perhaps three minutes. The Moroccans were about all out. Commandant Rose followed them to the parapet, where he was a perfect target for the enemy. Bullets whined past his ears. He swung his cane calmly.

Not time yet for us to make the dash. I glanced to my right. Félix stood tugging at his mustache. His Devil's Island scar was like a bas-relief on a cameo. The others were either cool as ice or frozen with horror—it was hard to tell which.

What was this? There they went, rushing up to the outlet. They were supposed to keep their eyes on their sergeant. I had not given the signal. I sprang into their midst. Rose waved with his cane that we were to wait a moment.

Ah, now we saw why he had held us back. The outlet was fairly choked with dead and dying. " Here, let them in ahead." A doctor-major sprang up beside the battalion commander with sang-froid that rivaled his. A bunch of *brancardiers* started to follow the major's example. The ladder they were trying to climb was adrip with blood and flesh. Damn the luck! It collapsed under their weight. Some one got another.

Brancardiers pulled and hauled at the dead and wounded who choked the outlet. Three of them toppled over with the bodies they sought to remove.

Yet the commandant—Rose the inspired—stood unscathed. " Come on, children! " he semed to say. " Do you not see that bullets spurn the brave! "

A wave of the cane. Our time had come. Up we swarmed, and got our first real view of the beyond.

Hello! What was this? A horde of Germans sweeping toward us. Our Lebels were at the ready. A few hotheads fired. " Hey, those Heinies have their hands in the air! " Yells of protest which no one could hear.

We were in the midst of them now. Hate left us as we beheld the prisoners, for that of course was what they were, directed to our trenches by the first wave.

Their faces were almost green, their hands trembled, their knees sagged. They were shell-shocked, hammered wrecks—nerves gone, pride vanished. They had one lone hope—to reach a safe haven in our lines. When they discovered that they were face to face with the Deuxième Etranger, they were in despair. Had they not been told that the accursed Legion took no prisoners?—that they had better die in their tracks than be slaughtered by "the suicide club," as now they surely would be?

"*Kamerad!*"

"*Vive la France!*"

Some of them even sank to their knees. Watches, *bidons,* wallets were held out to us as though to train robbers.

Many were badly wounded. Two carried a Moroccan lieutenant whose shoulder was smashed.

"The Legion!" he shouted. "Give them hell for me!"

There had been a momentary lull. Maybe the Boches had ceased pouring it into us on account of the mix-up between our second wave and the first wave's prisoners. But instantly more hell broke loose!—tear gas, asphyxiating gas, shell splinters, shrapnel, machine-gun torrents came ripping into us.

A FEW of my boys had fallen, but the section was holding up well. Before we realized it, we found ourselves in a former German position—a wrecked shambles. Dead and dying Germans by the hundreds littered the almost flattened trenches. So did stacks of French dead. Groups of French dead. Isolated French bodies.

"Shoot first and ask questions afterward," was now the motto of friend and foe.

It was the devil's own game trying to find a comfortable foothold in that blasted trench. The men started throwing out bodies. The *nettoyers* with their frightful knives went about the ghastly work of applying the *coup de grâce.* I turned my head away from the sight. Thank God no Americans are called upon for that kind of work. But the Arabs and the other foreigners did not seem to mind it.

Right flank! My section angled off, then headed into a communication trench. Heinies over in the shell holes and from behind clumps of trees kept up a rattling fire we could not silence. At length we reached what appeared to be an open space. Orders were to advance. Several of my comrades fell about me, dead or wounded.

"Look out! There are Boches in the crater ahead!" some one yelled. Evidently there were. But there was only one rifle firing from it. We poured bullets into it until a cricket could not have escaped, then swarmed in its direction. As I reached the edge with my rifle at ready, I saw a lone German, a round-faced husky about twenty-one. His shaven head was thrown back, his helmet was off, and his body was drilled with bullets. Around him were rows of empty cartridges. He had fired them all.

Poor devil, if he had thrown up his hands instead of shooting it out he could have saved himself. Perhaps the German canard that the Legion took no prisoners was responsible for his desperately brave stand.

From a crushed-up section of trenches a white flag fluttered. Some sense to that—certainly it was no disgrace to the little German group there.

Lieutenant Montesquiou de Fezensac, son of the poet and general of that name, was leading his company, many of whom were Americans, directly at the played-out Boches. He signaled his men to advance and accept the surrender.

Thirty yards more, and then—O Christ! Could such things be!

A wild hysterical rattle of musketry from the débris that was an intrenchment. A wavering of the blue line of Legionnaires. Human tenpins topple and lie still. Lieutenant Montesquiou de Fezensac would never know of that hideous treachery. A merciful bullet had found his gentle heart at the first rifle flash. Fifteen of his followers died with him. More were wounded.

What could have fanned the Legion to wilder fury? From earth scars right and left and center they poured, those Legionnaires, like avenging eagles—riflemen, grenadiers, *nettoyers* with the ready knives. . . .

Never was night more welcome. The darkness brought

Here's CLAUDETTE COLBERT *talking to* YOU!

WHAT IS IT MAKES A GIRL IRRESISTIBLE TO MEN? YOU'VE ALL WONDERED HEAPS OF TIMES, I'M SURE! ONE THING'S CERTAIN —— MEN ALWAYS FALL FOR TRULY BEAUTIFUL SKIN...
WHEN I TELL MY FANS HOW REALLY SIMPLE MY COMPLEXION CARE IS, THEY ALWAYS SEEM SURPRISED! FOR YEARS I'VE USED LUX TOILET SOAP REGULARLY.
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TOMORROW ALRIGHT

"TUMS" Quick relief for acid indigestion, sour stomach, heartburn. Only 10c.

no let-up in the cannonade. Shell holes were safer than the intrenchments. Our men were scattered and mixed up with other units. Some from adjoining companies had ducked in with our outfit.

Daybreak at last! The Germans had our section's range too close for comfort. An H.E. swished over our *boyau*, burst, and toppled a half dozen of us. Hour after hour a blizzard of steel swished and whined and roared. No nice place to be, this puny trench. But here we were going to stay for quite a while apparently.

We wondered why the First Legion Regiment had not sallied forth. Lucky dogs, they—we thought. A poor guess! They were wearing their hearts out with anxiety to get into it. The waiting back there was worse than actual combat.

Two o'clock on September 26. I was bossing the digging of a trench. Two hundred yards short of us, a Jack Johnson rocketed and let go, and a dozen Legionnaires met their doom. Another shell swished down almost on a line with me—and everything turned black.

God, what a pain in my right groin!—piercing and burning hot! The odor of scorched cloth and flesh. I clutched myself and careened into the arms of Félix and Waltz.

Félix with bloodcurdling oaths shrieked for the *brancardiers*. Waltz was cool and efficient. In a twinkling he had unfastened my clothing.

"Courage, my good friend," he muttered. "It is a shell splinter. Wait—"

He grasped the piece of steel which was sticking out of my groin, moved it gently to feel how firmly it was embedded, then gave a heave. It felt like being disemboweled. He flung the red-hot shell splinter aside, then blew on his scorched fingers. A *brancardier* wound a bandage about me to hold back my bulging intestines.

A brief wait for a stretcher. Félix offered a drink of brandy. Then along the trench and out into the open. At the bottom of a slight hill, a motor ambulance was waiting.

WHAT a revelation that ambulance driver was! Supporting me with his other arm, while he steered with his left hand, he guided the car through the heaps of bodies that littered the terrain everywhere, dodging here and there to avoid the wounded, paying not the slightest heed to the bursting shells on every side.

Eventually we came to a halt before a little farmhouse, where one surgeon and two lay assistants were endeavoring to care for a river of hemorrhage victims.

Thrusting his hand deep into my wound, a surgeon felt carefully for fragments of the shell splinter. Then, soaking a roll of gauze in alcohol, he pushed it into my interior. A feeling of fiery heat, then of coldness, then shooting pain.

"All right, my American friend," he said, tapping me on the shoulder. "Good luck."

A kindly faced old priest bent over me. "This is the last chapter," I said to myself, expecting him to ask me if I wished to be anointed. My heart leaped when he took my hand and inquired gently:

"Would you like me to fetch you a cup of tea?"

A convent at Montargis, below Fontainebleau, a lovely old place with marvelous sisters of mercy to care for the wounded, was my base-hospital destination. I was the only American there. My wound responded well to treatment. But it was not until late in January that I was permitted to go to a convalescent hospital, where I was detained until the middle of February. Then ten days' leave of absence in Paris!—followed by return to Camp de La Valbonne for duty.

CAMP DE LA VALBONNE was almost a city in itself. Reunion with old comrades was a rare pleasure. Casey, my old artist pal, showed up at La Valbonne and was placed in my section, to our mutual delight. There were also some fine upstanding Americans, recently recruited, assigned to my outfit: Arthur Barry and Henry L. Claude, both of Boston; James Paul Demetre, a handsome Greek-American about nineteen, of Charleston, South Carolina, and St. Louis, always smiling, always lighthearted. He was a splendid soldier and a general favorite with his comrades, who always called him "Jimmie Paul"; Ivan Finney Nock of Baltimore; Frank Clair of Columbus; Oscar Mouvet of Brooklyn, who had given up a career as a stage dancer to join the Foreign Legion; Fred Boulanger and Marius Phillippe of San Francisco; and C. Dulcie of Detroit.

Algernon Charles Sartoris, also an American, showed up in my section. The name Sartoris seemed quite familiar, but at the time I did not place him. He was a gentleman well past middle age.

One evening when I was dining with him Nock came over and slapped him on the shoulder.

"Well, I'm damned!" he said. "Here's a grandson of General Grant serving in the Legion under a sergeant who is a cousin of General Beauregard!"

"That *is* something of a coincidence," smiled Sartoris, rising. "So you are a cousin of Beauregard, the Confederate hero of Bull Run! Let's shake hands again!"

It dawned upon me that he was the son of Captain Algernon Sartoris whose wife had been the famous Nellie Grant.

The close friendship we formed is one of my many fine recollections of the war.

Some very interesting news dropped in on me at La Valbonne in the way of an attestation from Captain Fardeau, citing me for courage at the cemetery of Craonnelle where I was first wounded. With it was supposed to come the Croix de Guerre, but for some reason the cross never showed up and is still with the regiment.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is from a letter from Paul Rockwell: "Edgar was most unlucky when it came to decorations. Again and again he was booked for recognition, but his officers were constantly getting killed before they could follow through their recommendations. Later he received the Croix de Guerre for another example of outstanding courage and was cited for both the Médaille Militaire and the Legion of Honor."]

Eventually I was entrained for the Somme with a contingent of veterans and rookies combined. Little smiling-faced Jimmie Paul, aglow with eagerness to see what the front was like, was the life of the party and became more of a general favorite every minute. We met up with the outfit at Lassigny. I hardly knew whether to feel exuberant or to grieve for the loss of so many old friends from the Legion—now narrowed down to the First Regiment. Sweeney was spitting cotton in a hospital, and most of my old-time buddies who had survived the Battle of Champagne had joined the 170th French Infantry, the Swallows of Death. For the Legion had been so badly cut up that for a time there was serious thought of sending it back to Africa.

Alan Seeger was the first to refuse the proffered transfer to the 170th. "The Legion is my life," he said. "I could never be so happy with another regiment."

He never dwelt upon the matter, but I knew he expected to keep his "rendezvous," and he wanted it under the colors of the Legion.

He was the same old Alan, his head in the clouds when a calm reigned, but a soldier to the core in action. He had recently returned from a leave occasioned by illness and had been scheduled to read an especially prepared ode at the tomb of Lafayette on Memorial Day. An officer, however, confused that date with July 4, and the furlough was not granted.

HARDLY had I got back with my section when we were moved into repose at Mareuil. There I found the devil of the Legion—our old friend Félix, who had just returned from his first leave of absence, spent in Paris. He lost no time in starting something.

A wail had gone up that the canteen at Mareuil, operated by a French couple and their daughter, was working hocus-pocus with the wine prices. Profiteers had become very unpopular.

The French soldiers had heard much of them in letters from home and we had occasional doses from them at first hand.

Complaint was made that the canteen had the habit of running out of *vin ordinaire* and was able to supply only *vin cachet*, which sold for three francs a quart and tasted suspiciously like the cheaper variety. Returning to my stable to sleep one night, I passed the canteen and noting a light streaming through the bars of the *cave* below, I peered in. A figure moved out of a shadow near by. "Look, sergeant," came a whisper. "Just as we expected, the dirty swine!"

It was Félix who had been watching the operation, and he pointed to the canteen proprietor's husky wife who was engaged in dipping wine from a hogshead and sealing it with wax. I retired to the stable. Félix, however, had a mission to perform. In a few minutes he had organized a wrecking crew which confiscated every bit of wine the profiteers owned. There was a swell supply for everybody and many headaches. The result was court-martial for several who absented themselves while under the influence and could have been shot for desertion before the enemy, but drew, instead, prison terms—on paper. As to the profiteers, their wails were all for naught.

FELIX escaped unscathed. Carrying a load that would have floored a sea cook, I have seen him stagger into ranks, then stiffen to attention at the first command, and go through his drill like a total abstainer. And on the few occasions when he was too tight for service, he made it a special rule not to wander away from camp.

Jimmie Paul had taken youthful George Delpeuch for his ideal, and certainly he could not have chosen a more valiant soldier than the Legion's "infant." After much insistence, the little Greek had got the modest boy to tell him the story of how he won the Croix de Guerre in the Champagne, a feat which had gained him one of the finest citations any American had received.

On that occasion George with three companions had crawled out into no man's land. Surprising an enemy outpost, they had let go a shower of hand grenades, killing two Germans and capturing five.

Already Jimmie Paul was practicing with hand grenades. He was a first-rate baseball player and the "iron apples" were to his liking.

"I'm sick of waiting for action," he said to me. "For heaven's sake, am I never to have my chance? I'd give anything in the world for one of those crosses—with a citation like George's!"

Jimmie Paul was not to have to wait long for action—in large quantities. He would get the chance with the iron apples, the citation would be magnificent, and he would give everything—for France.

And as for Alan Seeger, July 4 was to find him at his awaited "rendezvous."

How the heroic young poet kept that rendezvous with death in a blood-soaked wheat field near Belloy; how gallant Jimmie Paul pitched his outfit out of danger, using grenades for baseball; and how Edgar Bouligny himself gained still further recognition of his valor—all this will appear in next week's, the concluding installment of his great story.

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Allen's Foot=Ease

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BIRTHMARKS Are you going through life with an embarrassing birthmark? You may never remove it, but it can easily be concealed with COVER MARK so as to absolutely defy detection. COVER MARK is tested and approved by Good Housekeeping and recommended by leading Beauty Editors. Clip and mail this advertisement to COVER MARK Ltd., 54 Wellington St. West, Toronto 2, and receive full information in a plain envelope.

SUPPRESSED
KNOWLEDGE OF THE AGES

Hidden, denied, but not lost, is the miraculous wisdom of the ancients. Their methods of mental power in achieving SUCCESS and MASTERY IN LIFE are available TO YOU. Write for a FREE copy of the "Wisdom of the Sages" and learn how to receive this rare knowledge. MAKE YOUR LIFE ANEW.

FRIAR R.S.O.
ROSICRUCIAN BROTHERHOOD
SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

The season is fast approaching when disciples of Izaak Walton from all over the United States and Canada will be getting out their fishing kits and setting forth for the lakes and streams. As usual, Canada will prove the lodestone which attracts a large number of anglers, the lakes and streams of the Dominion being world-famous for the sport they afford. The upper picture shows Stuart Lake in British Columbia, while in the lower picture Trembleur Lake, also in British Columbia, forms a background for the successful angler and his catch.

Canadian National
Railways photos

All They Are Cracked Up To Be

There is an old gentleman of 73 of our acquaintance who, because he bought an endowment policy providing for his old age, which he saw advertised in a magazine many years ago, now sits beneath his own vine and fig tree and talks upon occasion about his youth.

Before he retired he was a manufacturer. He made a device which serves and adorns thousands of Canadian homes. Many years ago, so he recites, a young and ardent advertising salesman called upon him, saying, "Mr. Soandso, you have a wonderful device here. You should tell the people about it—and what it will do. You should advertise it."

"All right," said Mr. Soandso, "get out some plans."

And the young man went away and drew his plans and, coming back, read the advertisements he had written to the manufacturer.

"Wait a minute—wait a minute," interrupted Mr. Soandso. "My product is good—but it isn't as good as you say it is. Hold that advertising for a while. I'll have to improve my product so that it will back up those advertisements."

He did so. He made improvements and refinements in his device, until it was just as good as the young man's advertisements said it was. And he advertised and prospered.

Often advertising is much more than just a description of goods or services offered for your use. Just as often it is a stern critic and disciplinarian. Goods or services offered for sale must substantiate the advertising claims made for them. Because advertising that is untruthful, inexact and exaggerated drags its sponsor, sooner or later, from one morass to another—the last of which is oblivion.

Written and Sponsored by the

CANADIAN ASSOCIATION OF ADVERTISING AGENCIES

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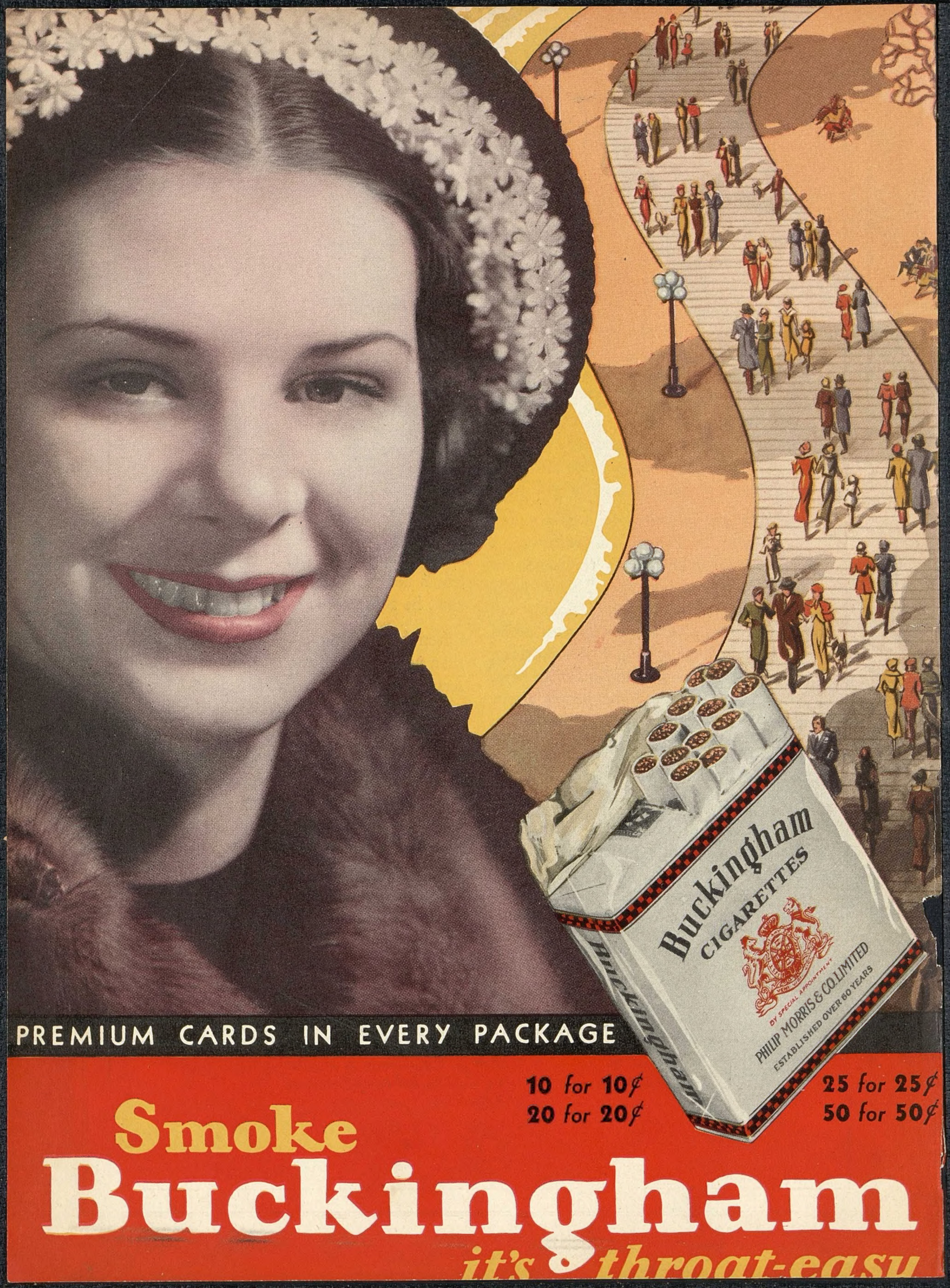
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